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NOTHING UNDER THE SUN IS NEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY VANDYKE BROWN.

Nothing under the sun is new—
The old was old in Solomon's day,
The false was false and the true was true,
As the false and true will be alway.

The Pharisee walks in the public place
With his broad phylacteries displayed,
And makes the prayers with a solemn face
That a thousand years ago he made.

The priest and the Levite still pass by,
While the wounded wretch, on the other side,
Appeals in vain with beseeching eye
For the helping hand so coldly denied.

Now Lazarus begs at Dives' gate
For the crumbs that fall from his ample feast;
And never a fear of his future fate
Disturbs the rich man's soul in the least.

And Magdalen crouches in dumb despair,
Alone at the foot of the altar-stone,
And nobody heeds her lying there,
Or hears her prayer in its anguished moan.

So nothing under the sun is new—
The old was old in Solomon's day—
But where are the workers, faithful and true,
Who lifted the fallen along the way?

Will the good Samaritan come no more?
Is the strength of the chosen weak and cold?
Are faith and hope and charity o'er?
Is it only love that dies when old?

Nay, love survives, and brave souls live,
And generous deeds are done by the few,
While the many accept what the martyrs give,
And—nothing under the sun is new!

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER, BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE.

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CHAPTER XXII.—A SAD REVELATION.

Madame Salviac was a Roman matron. She possessed the sculptural beauty of the women of that great race of the Latium which gave the masters to the world. But she had as well a soul that was like theirs—stoical and unbending in its pride. Her Republicanism was fanatical. Perhaps she would not have sacrificed her son as Brutus did, but she would not have asked a better death for him than one that would make him a sacrifice for the welfare of his country. The terrible fate of her husband had not made the slightest change in her democratic convictions. She had forgotten his fate in the reflection that he had been a true patriot, and, unjustly judged, had died for the cause. Since the nation had made her a widow, she lived only for her son; but her love was the love of a Spartan mother, and she would rather know that he had fallen riddled with Austrian bullets than that he should strike hands with an aristocrat. George had noticed this the day he introduced his friend Fougeray. By his tact and pleasing address the Baron had triumphed for a time over Madame Salviac's prejudices; but if his stay in Paris had been long, Candeil would have undoubtedly felt the full force of her antipathy.

It may be imagined what effect was produced on her by the news of the abduction of Therese. She did not favor George's marital project from the first; but the insult offered her son by the bold abduction of his betrothed aroused all the fire of her stern nature. She never wearied of ringing the changes on the perfidy of the stranger who had dishonored the sacred name of friend. The young officer was flaming with deep resentment from the first; but when his mother began to express her views his rage became furious. When the search that had followed the disappearance of Therese had ended in the proof that she had been abducted by Aymeric, Salviac devoted himself to but one thought—vengeance on his false friend. When he met Aymeric in the theatre, the bitterness of his mother's arguments was rankling in his heart, and all hope of explanation by his foe was vain. While Aymeric was writing to Madame St. Clair, George was penning a bitter farewell to the false Therese. He had chosen for his second a young officer of his own rank attached to the Directorial Guard—one Boisjoly, who arrived at Madame Salviac's residence promptly at noon, as he had been directed. The soldier of the Republic was well received by madame, and was accorded the great honor of sharing her noonday meal. George was congratulating himself on her failure to ask any questions as to the nature of his friend's visit, when, as the dessert came on, a new visitor, whose presence the lieutenant would have very happily dispensed with, arrived. This visitor was Legendre, the ex-member of the Convention. He had never before visited Madame Salviac, although he had been the colleague, the friend, and the defender, even, of her unfortunate husband. His presence in the house at this time was, therefore, an event.

"Fraternity, citizen," said he, addressing Madame Salviac and taking a seat without being asked.

The widow was too much overcome by the mournful reflections aroused by his presence to give any answer except a nod to his salutation.

"I do not come to see you often, citizen," continued Legendre; "but I know that you remain true to the cause, and that is why I come to denounce your son to you as a traitor to it."

"Denounce my son!" exclaimed the widow. "What do you mean, Citizen Legendre?"

"Ah! Very well! It appears that you, too, as well as he, are becoming an aristocrat."

"What have you to say to me?" asked Madame Salviac, drawing herself up in her proudest and statuesque grace, and assuming her hardest and coldest tone of voice.

"I have to say to you, citizen, that your son has conspired against the Revolution."

A cold, disdainful smile curled the lips of the matron, and she turned to George for a single word to annihilate this wild charge of his accuser. But George manifested more embarrassment than he desired to explain. He could only mutter a few unintelligible words in answer to her proud look of inquiry.

"Your see, citizen," continued the pitiless visitor, "your son does not answer. In the company of a certain suspicious young man, and an older but equally disreputable person, he took part in a plot which ended in the death of Marcandier, a staunch soldier and a brave defender of the Republic."

"He was killed in a fair fight—a formal duel before witnesses," protested Salviac.

"You concealed that from me, my son," said the widow in tones of unwonted severity. "Citizen Legendre," said Madame Salviac, finding that George would not answer, "my son has done wrong to associate with a man whom he was not well acquainted with; but their companionship did not last long."

"You think so?" said Legendre ironically.

"I know it. This pretended friend of his left Paris for Italy, but not before he had done poor George the greatest wrong that one man can do another. He has not seen him since."

"Indeed?"

"I am sure of it. Is it not true, my son?"

The young officer averted his eyes in confusion, and made no answer.

"Well, I am sure I have seen them chatting pleasantly together, and that no longer ago than last evening."

Madame Salviac grew pale and looked sternly at her son.

"Mother," he stammered, "it is the truth. I have seen him, but I protest ——"

"That your interview was not friendly? I believe you. Then what could you have to say to him?"

George was overcome with confusion, and answered nothing. Legendre broke in again:

"But wait, citizen. I have not finished yet. The worst is to come. The man in question is a refugee, an aristocrat, who passes under an assumed name, and who has returned to France to engage in a conspiracy against the Republic. Citizen Cochon, the Prefect of the police, has been searching for him for three weeks, and has just got on his tracks. Your rascally friend would be even now safely caged, were it not that the authorities delay his capture in the hope of trapping all his accomplices with him. It is suspected he has come here to work on the troops in the camp at Sablons. If they can take him in the act, you understand, citizen, what will be the result—a platoon of men and a speedy execution. And then, perhaps, the son of the Republican Salviac will be called on to explain to the military commission how it was that he had so friendly a meeting last evening with a Chouan."

"A friendly meeting? Do you call him my friend? I, who am to fight with him?"

These words escaped from his lips before he had time to think that he would betray his intentions to his mother.

"What do you say? Fight with this traitor, this dog of a Royalist, who is not worth the twelve bullets that will eventually send him out of the world?" exclaimed the fierce Republican. "And do you think I will allow that—I, the friend of your father? I'll inform the Prefect, and if you have a meeting with that man you will both find yourselves taken by the collar. That will be a fine end for you, Citizen Salviac."

"You will not do that," said George anxiously. "This man has grievously wronged me, and has granted me a meeting. If you have him arrested I shall be accused of having avoided the duel. Promise me at least that you will not inform the police until to-morrow."

"I promise nothing. I give you no time. I go at once."

And with these words Legendre rushed from the house like a madman. No one thought of trying to detain him. There was a long pause, which Madame Salviac was the first to break:

"So, George," said in tones that were tremulous with emotion, "it is true—you are going to fight a duel?"

"Yes, it is true, my mother."

"And this meeting is absolutely necessary?"

"Yes."

"And when is it to take place?"

"I am not sure yet; it may be to-morrow morning."

"You deceive me, George; it is to be to-day. That is why you have brought the Captain here to-day."

George simply bowed his head in acknowledgement of the truth of her words.

"Come, come, citizen," put in Boisjoly, "do not worry yourself. George isn't going to settle his account by allowing a worthless dandy Royalist to get the better of him. And if he fall by any accident, I will be there to replace him, although it is true, as our good friend Citizen Legendre says, that it is hardly right for a brave soldier of the Army of Italy to risk his life against that of a wretched aristocrat."

"True, my son," said Madame Salviac; "why should you risk a life that belongs entirely to your country?"

"Captain," said Salviac, "you know as well as I that there are some wrongs that a soldier cannot endure."

"True for you, my dear fellow," replied the Captain; "but, for all that, it is hard for a brave lad, and one of the Army of Italy, to risk his life against that of a worthless dandy of the old regime."

"And remember, my son," interrupted the Roman mother, "you are a citizen, and your life—aye, every drop of your blood—belongs to your country."

"Do not persuade me further, dear mother," interrupted Salviac. "This man has killed the heart within me by robbing me of Therese. It is not the law that must avenge that wrong—it is *I* who must do it."

The argument would doubtless have proceeded much farther but for the fact that at this moment a servant entered and announced that two gentlemen, who would not give their names, had requested that Monsieur Salviac be informed that they were waiting for him in the street.

"Ah! it seems the Chouan is eager to have his carcass carved," growled the Captain.

There was no cause for doubt here. The visitors were probably Fougeray (by which name only the Baron was known to Salviac) and his second.

George cast a supplicating glance at his mother.

"Go, my son," said the stern widow, drawing herself up to her full height, with her arm extended majestically and her eyes sparkling with a strange fire. "Go; but, remember, if you fall I die!"

A Spartan mother could not have spoken better; but George, who had a less stoical nature, did not pause, or look back, even, when once permission had been given. He rushed down the stairs in three bounds, and Boisjoly followed exactly in his footsteps, in military style.

The veteran did not like family broils of any kind, probably being unused to them, his life having been that of a foundling, without any knowledge of a home or family; so he hastened after his principal to the street, only pausing at the door to possess himself of the mysterious package which he had deposited there on his entrance to the house.

Salviac was not disappointed. It was indeed Fougeray who was awaiting him. At first glance he seemed to be alone; but a close look detected a stranger standing some distance off, who surely had not been stationed there without design.

Salviac was the first to break the silence after a cold sign of recognition had passed between them:

"I have brought weapons, sir, and you shall have your choice."

"You may choose yourself, monsieur," replied the Baron, "since you claim to be the injured party."

"As you please; we can arrange that later. But have you any choice of ground?"

"No; you know I am fairly a stranger in Paris. Any ground will suit me."

"Then we will go to the convent of the Chartreux. The buildings have been demolished, and there are many open and secluded places suited to our purpose among the ruins."

"Lead on, then," said Aymeric, making a sign to Ramee to follow.

The two started off followed at a distance by their seconds, walking side by side, but exchanging not a word with each other.

At the rate they traveled it did not take them long to reach the ruins of the famous convent, and, clambering over the heaped debris, the party soon found a clean inclosed space suited to their purpose.

When they had regained their breath, the young officer approached his antagonist and said, with a visible emotion:

"Monsieur, I know not what will be the issue of this duel. You may kill me; and in view of that possibility, I think it is my duty to give you a piece of salutary advice."

"And what may that be?" asked Aymeric coldly.

"It is that you leave Paris as soon as you can."

"And why should I do that?"

"Because you have been denounced to the police as an aristocrat, a refugee, who has returned to France in contempt of the law to conspire against the Government?"

"Ah!" said Candeil coldly; "and to whom am I indebted for having been denounced to the spies of your Government?"

"I know not, monsieur. All I can say is that this information was conveyed to me a short time since by an old friend of my father's, one Citizen Legendre."

"The regicide Legendre," repeated Candeil bitterly. "It is well. I thank you for your advice, monsieur, but I shall not profit by it."

Salviac withdrew from his antagonist as the two seconds came upon the scene.

"This is just the spot for our purpose," said Boisjoly, untying his package of weapons. "The pavement is as smooth as the parade in front of our barracks, and not a soul in sight beside ourselves. Now is the very time to draw our swords."

While this preparation was going on, Ramee went over to his young master and tried again to argue him out of his rash design; but Candeil silenced him with a gesture, and, taking him by the arm, conducted him before the young officer, his adversary:

"Monsieur," said he, "it is time I introduced to you my second in this affair," said he.

"And I mine," answered George—"Captain Boisjoly of the Directorial Guard."

"And this is Monsieur Ramee of Choisy, a friend of my family," said Aymeric.

"Ramee," repeated George, with surprise.

"Yes, that is my name," said Ramee, very much astonished at the interest manifested by the officer. "But I have not yet the pleasure of knowing yours."

"I am called George Salviac."

"George Salviac!" exclaimed Ramee, starting back in demonstrative surprise. "What place are you from?"

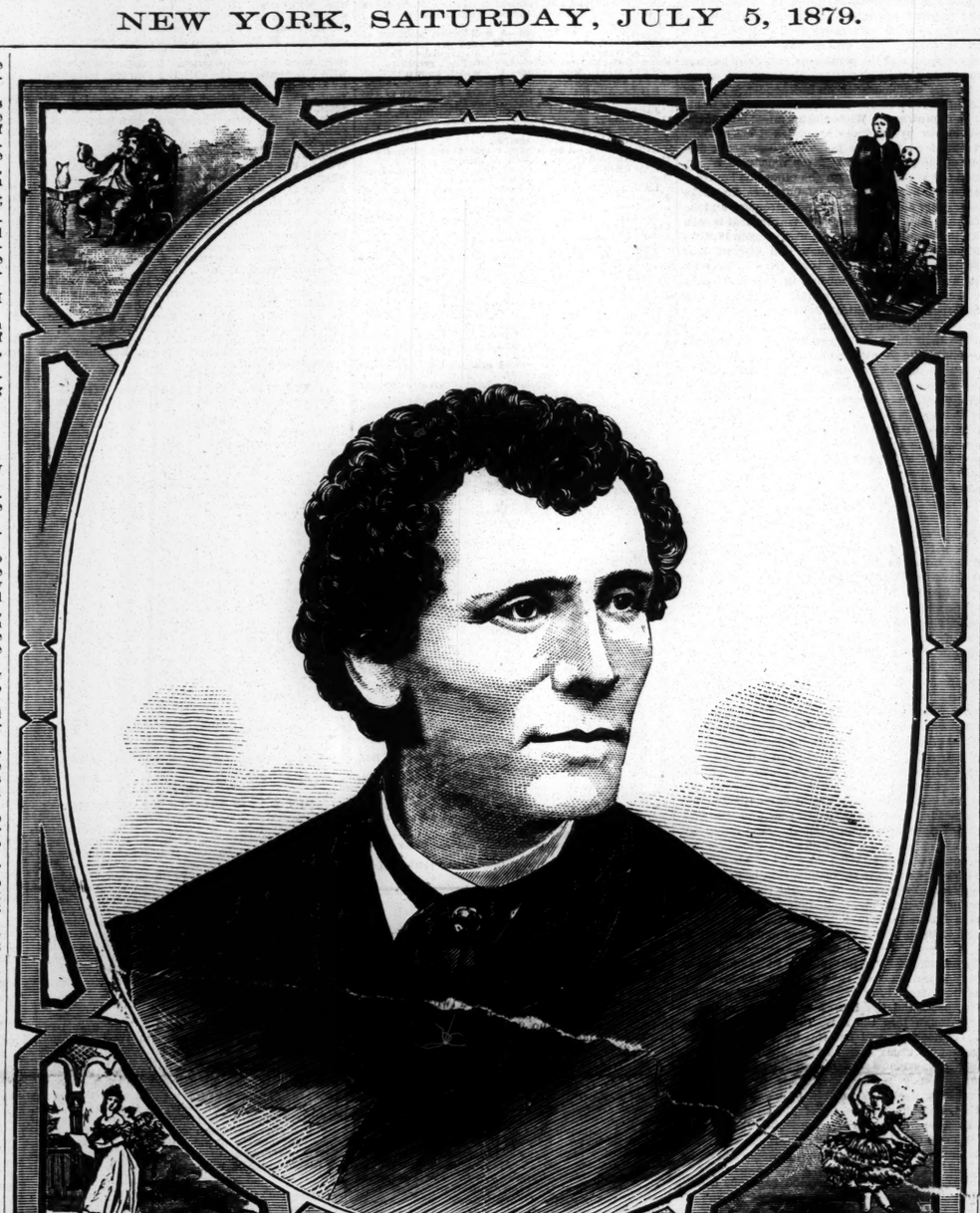
"From Quercy. But why that question?"

"And your mother married the Advocate Salviac of Cahors, who became a Deputy to the Convention?"

"Yes, all you say is true," said the young officer, in deep astonishment.

"Ah! I told you, monsieur, that this duel was impossible!" exclaimed Ramee.

"What silly pleasantry is this?" said Candeil angrily.



G. SWAINE BUCKLEY, NEGRO MINSTREL.

"I do not jest, monsieur, and I repeat in all seriousness that you cannot fight with this gentleman."

"Why? Will you tell me why, you old madman?"

Ramee hesitated a moment, gazing intently at the features of the lieutenant, and then burst out with:

"Ah! it shall never be said that Ramee allowed the race of Candeil to kill each other. You cannot fight with this young man, monsieur, because—because he is your brother!"

At these words George grew deathly pale. A question came to his lips, but he could not articulate a word. Boisjoly dropped the swords he had been testing, and opened his eyes round and full and wide. Aymeric alone dared to ask an explanation of this strange assertion. He seized Ramee by the collar, dragged him a few paces away from the others, and said, in a voice that trembled with anger:

"Explain yourself!"

"The explanation is very simple," replied the old servant in a low tone; "but you understand, of course, that I could not tell all before that young man. The old Baron Candeil was terrible in his youth, and there was not in the whole domain either girl or woman who could resist him. The mother of this young man whom you would kill was the daughter of our village schoolmaster. She was as lovely as an angel. I need not tell you the rest."

"But where does this name of Salviac come from, then?" asked Aymeric.

"From her husband, of course," replied Ramee. "A fine young man of Cahors—an advocate. The girl fled to the city after her accident; he fell in love with her, married her like a brave man, and recognized her child like a gentleman."

"You are sure of this?"

"As sure as I am that there is a Heaven. Everybody in Quercy far and near knew the story; and if you had not left there when you were so very young, you, too, would have known it. The child was born and nursed in the cottage of a peasant woman named Gertrude Peylade."

"Gertrude, say you?"

"Yes; she had a daughter—a pretty child—but both have come to Paris since the Revolution, and I have lost track of them."

"And this Dame Gertrude must have seen me often, then?"

"Of course. Why, she has danced you on her knee more than a hundred times."

"Ah! That is why she stared at me so sharply," said the Baron. And the remembrance returned vividly to him of the still more manifest surprise which Madame Salviac had betrayed when she saw him for the first time. "She thought she recognized my father's features in me," said he in an undertone.

"Yes, indeed," said Ramee. "You are very much like him, while this young man favors his mother more. But I swear to you by everything that is sacred that George Salviac is the natural son of the Baron Candeil."

Aymeric gave a wild cry, accompanied by a frantic gesture, and fled from the spot like a madman, leaving Ramee to get out of the complicated position in which he had placed him as best he could.

He ran he knew not where, wildly, madly pursuing his blind course as long as his breath served him, and then stopped, panting and exhausted.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE PLOT IN ACTION.

A thousand wild thoughts ran riot through his distracted brain, and he sought vainly to control them. There was one, however, that dominated all the rest.

"What shall I do now to sacrifice my wretched life?" said he, striking his forehead.

He had counted on the young officer's sword to end his existence; but he had met a brother instead of an executioner. This was the finishing stroke, and he was now less willing than ever to drag out an existence which the loss of Christiane had made odious to him.

Suddenly he started, and his face lighted up with excitement.

"I have it!" said he. "I have burned Liardot's forged letter; but that will not prevent my going to the camp at Sablons and striving with the disaffected officers he has named to bring on a rising against the Directory. I will lead the movement, and if I fall it will be in glorious work, and in the service of the King."

The camp at Sablons lay on the exact spot now occupied by the little village of Ternes, on the outskirts of Paris, and it was a full hour's walk to that desert locality, but Aymeric walked the distance in half that time.

As he walked along he thought over his plan of action. After due reflection he decided to first approach the Lieutenant Malo of whom Liardot had spoken in such enthusiastic terms. The life and bustle about the camp gave him fresh strength and resolution, as well as diversion for his fancy. There were wine-shops and rude restaurants on every hand, where the soldiers were openly drinking and gambling. Candeil paused among the wine-stained tables in front of one of these booths.

He was shortly approached by a very pleasant, portly man, wearing a benignant smile.

This person saluted respectfully with the grace of the old regime, and asked if the Baron was looking for anyone, and if he (the questioner) could be of any service in his quest.

"I am much obliged to you, monsieur," replied the Baron. "I am looking for Lieutenant Malo, and if you can direct me to his tent ——"

"I am well acquainted with him," replied the stranger, "and it will be a genuine pleasure for me to conduct you in person to the lieutenant."

The Baron thanked the stranger warmly and walked beside him, threading his way through the tables and stools that encumbered this more gastronomic than warlike bivouac.

"The Lieutenant is probably one of your friends, monsieur," suggested Candeil to relieve the awkwardness of their silent progress.

"Oh, no; I have not the honor of his friendship," replied the cicerone. "I only know him by sight, and that only by seeing him frequently in the camp, where I come every week to collect installments on a balance of money due me from the dealers for liquor furnished by me. You see that large barracks there? Well, that's where my stock is laid in. The officers visit that building very often to take a little glass and to chat about affairs."

"Ah! And are you doing a good business?"

"Well, for the matter of that, the Republic is not rich, and the pay of our soldiers is mean."

"Especially if it is in assignats," ventured Candeil.

"True! Alas! it is villainous money! It's high time we came back to the good old golden crowns!" said the stranger significantly.

This suggestion, punctuated with a series of heavy sighs, attracted the earnest attentions of the Baron; for the man who regretted aloud the financial arrangements of the Republic could not be a very fervent Revolutionist, and he proceeded to scrutinize his new acquaintance carefully and furtively.

"It would be a joke," thought he, "if this rogue I have fallen in with should also be an agent of the 'Band.' Liardot is smart enough to send others about the work beside myself, in case I should fail or become lukewarm in the enterprise."

"Monsieur," broke in the stranger, "if you would be pleased to refresh yourself at my establishment after your interview with the commandant, I shall be very much honored."

"If you keep the place open late enough, you will find me there," said the Baron.

"My establishment is kept open until retreat is sounded," said the other, in an insinuating way.

"Very well, I'll call," said Candeil, adding to himself: "Is this man a conspirator or only a fool?"

The guide changed the subject by remarking that they only had to pass through the cavalry camp, which they had now reached, to make their way to the officer's tent. Long files of picketed horses were ranged on either side of them—emaciated creatures that nibbled with melancholy air at the stunted and dried grass of the trampled field.

"Luckily the Directory guard is not better mounted," thought Aymeric, who already imagined himself attacking the Luxembourg at the head of a squadron of these wretched backs.

"Lieutenant Malo's tent is the one you see over there with the tri-color waving over it," said the complaisant guide at last, pointing out a tent marked by the fluttering tri-color, as he had said.

Without much ado the dealer in liquor saluted respectfully, and, turning about, began to retrace his steps. After following his mysterious guide for a moment with his eyes, to make sure that he was really returning to his quarters, the Baron hastened to fulfill his dangerous mission. As he approached, Candeil discovered that the commandant of the dragoons was seated on a camp-stool in front of his tent. He noticed, too, as he drew near, that he had to deal with a little stout, dumpy man, with small, pea-like eyes, and of a general tournure that would have been the reverse of military were it not for an enormous grizzled moustache that bristled thick and wiry on his lip. Between his lips he held a pipe at which he puffed vigorously. The commandant on his part recognized the visitor from a distance, and rose to meet him without taking his pipe from his mouth. At a distance of three paces from him, Candeil stopped short in military style, and, saluting, said:

"Commandant, I salute you. You do not know me, but I bring you news from the Army of Italy."

"Ah! You come from the front, then?" inquired Citizen Malo, with a keen glance of his small black eyes.

"I was at Rivoli, sir."

"Yet you do not bear the appearance of a trooper."

"Oh, I was present only as an amateur."

"Ah!" grunted the commandant, giving out a prodigious puff of tobacco smoke. He did not seem in the least disposed to chat, and the beginning was not at all encouraging to our friend; but, without being in the least disconcerted, the Baron changed his tone.

"I also come for another thing," said he coolly.

"What other thing?"

"I come to receive an answer to a proposition which was made you some time back by one of my friends, Monsieur Duverne of Presles."

"Sacrebleu! Not so loud!" said the old dragoon, starting up angrily.

"Perhaps we could talk better if we were in your tent," said Candeil.

"Very well. Come in."

A few moments afterwards the commandant and his visitor were seated under the shelter of the canvas and out of the range of prying eyes.

"As I was saying, monsieur," continued Aymeric, "certain parties have sent me to tell you all is ready, and that they depend on you and Adjutant-general Ramel to march your troops into Paris to-night at ten o'clock."

"Have you seen the Adjutant-general?" inquired Citizen Malo evasively.

"Not yet, but I am going to call on him when I leave you; and I am sure he is ready to march."

"Do you bring him the letter?"

"From Bonaparte? No, commandant," replied Candeil, flushing up. "It has not yet reached the Committee; but we are sure that, once the Directory is overthrown, the new revolution will be hailed with pleasure by both the Army of Italy and the Army of the Rhine."

"I can see no serious objection to overturning this government of lawyers, but who will you put in their place?"

"The King, commandant — the King of France, who will not allow a brave soldier like you to languish in an inferior rank."

Citizen Malo twisted his moustache tightly, reflected for a moment, and then replied:

"My father was a farrier at Nanterre. That is one reason that Louis the Eighteenth will never make me a Marshal of France."

This time Candeil was obliged to bite his lips to perserve his calmness.

"The accident of birth is nothing in the scale against such services as the King and all France expect of you."

"Enough. You who argue this have been a refugee—have you not?"

"Yes; I fled in '92."

"You are noble?"

"Yes."

"You call yourself the Duke, the Marquis or the Count of something or other?"

"The Baron Candeil," said Aymeric, who found the occasion too grand to permit of the preservation of his annoying incognito.

"Very good. Now, then, after we have both worked together to place the Count of Provence on the throne, and after we have succeeded, think you he will do for me what he will do for you?"

"Why not?"

"Because I call myself simply Malo, and I would cut the same figure at court as a donkey would in the middle of my squadron," said the old trooper coarsely.

"If I am not mistaken, commandant, you have changed your mind lately."

"Possibly I have."

"Then you refuse?"

"I do not command the forces. See Ramel."

"I shall do so at once," said Candeil.

He prepared to depart, satisfied that he had had to do with a cunning old dog who was at bottom very willing to move against the Government, but not at all anxious to assume the responsibility of leading a revolt. He saluted the officer coldly, the latter not rising to return his compliment, and stepped out of the tent.

He had not gone ten feet on his way, however, when a dozen or more stout fellows who had been concealed behind the tent rushed out, seized on and overpowered him. He was thrown to the ground in spite of his desperate resistance, and gagged and bound with a dispatch that was unusual.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LAST OF THE BUCKLEYS.

With the demise of George Swaine Buckley, mentioned in our minstrel summary, the Buckley Family of celebrated Ethiopian performers is now extinct. James Buckley, the father of the deceased, and founder of Buckley's Serenaders, died in Quincy, Mass., April 27, 1872, and we may remark parenthetically that his widow, Jane, also died there March 13, 1874. R. Bishop Buckley died there June 6, 1867, and Frederick Buckley died in Boston Sept. 16, 1864. George Swaine Buckley was born in Bolton, Eng., in August, 1829, and came with his parents and two brothers to this country about 1839. He made his appearance as a performer in Harrington's Museum (where his father was the leader of the orchestra), Boston, Mass., as an infant prodigy, in 1840. At this time he was learning to play the banjo, under the tutelage of Joe Sweeny, a famous performer, and his proficiency was so great that Sweeny made him his protege, and starred him through the country under the professional title of Young Sweeny. In 1842 or 1843 James Buckley organized the Congo Minstrels in Boston, Mass. They first performed in the Tremont Theatre, and were the first company to introduce harmony in their musical performances. In a bill of their performances in the Tabernacle (upon the site of the Howard Athenæum) Oct. 24, 1843, the name of only one of the family appears—"Buckley on the Tuckahoe violin"—probably James. This troupe made a tour of the country, and subsequently changed their title to that of the Ethiopian Serenaders. From a bill of their performances in the American Theatre, New Orleans, La., where, on May 15, 1845, they closed an engagement of fourteen nights, it appears that the deceased was still performing under the name of Sweeny, singing two songs in the first-part, impersonating James Crow Cuff in the burlesque-opera entitled "The Virginia Girl, or a Nigger's Love," and dancing in a match dance with Sam S. Sanford. Prior to this—on Jan. 8, 1845—the Buckley Family made their first appearance in this city in the old Park Theatre, when the bill comprised "Old Heads and Young Hearts," a panorama of the Battle of Austerlitz, a patriotic song by Sidney Pearson, a vocal and instrumental concert by "the Buckley Family, or the Congo Melodists" (in which G. Swaine Buckley performed under the name of "Sweeny Buckley" and "Sweeny," singing his songs and playing a banjo-solo), and the farce of "Gone to Texas." In 1846 deceased and his two brothers, Frederick and R. Bishop, went to England with the New Orleans Ethiopian Serenaders. James Buckley accompanied the party; but he was announced under the name of James Burke. In a bill of their performances given in the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng., March 22, 1847, the only names announced were Sam S. Sanford, James Burke, Ole Bull Jr., (Fred Buckley,) J. C. Rainer, (R. Bishop Buckley) and Swaine. Their concert was sandwiched between the opera of "Anne Boleyn" and the comedy of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." After performing in England sixteen months, they returned to this city, and opened in the Society Library Rooms on Broadway, at the corner of Leonard street, under the title of New Orleans Serenaders. From a perusal of a bill of their one hundred and sixty-eighth performance there, April 18, 1849, for the benefit of Sam S. Sanford, tambourine, we see that the company included, besides the beneficiary, Nelson Kneass, J. H. Collins, J. C. Rainer, G. Swaine, Max Zorer, Master Ole Bull, Master Lewis, and James Burke. The versatility of the deceased is shown in this bill. In the first part he sang "I Would I Were a Boy Again;" performed a banjo-solo—"Hard Times;" played a solo on a pair of kitchen bellows in a burlesque of Jullien's concerts; gave "The Locust Hum" in the third-part as "The Original Ethiopians of the South;" impersonated Cavetinio in the operatic burlesque of "High-tall-yawn Up-roar;" played a bone-solo; and took part with Sanford and Lewis in burlesque dances for the finale. During the Summer of 1850 this troupe played for some time in the Boston (Mass.) Museum. Shortly after this the Buckley Family started on another tour of the country and went into Mexico, where they performed in the principal cities and towns, thence to California, arriving in San Francisco in 1852. They played in the principal towns, and visited the mines, performing in tents, which were always overcrowded, notwithstanding that the admission-fee was three dollars per head. They traveled on mules, and during the rainy season experienced much difficulty in making their way from camp to camp. During this tour G. Swaine Buckley acted not only as the chief performer, but as advance-agent as well. Returning to San Francisco, they played for fifty consecutive nights to large business, and then came across the continent. Returning to New York in June, 1853, as Buckleys' Serenaders, they leased the Chinese Assembly Rooms, 539 Broadway, which they converted into an elegant theatre, and produced burlesque operas, which were elaborately mounted, elegantly costumed, and admirably sung. They remained there three years. G. Swaine Buckley singing the leading tenor roles, besides giving his specialties in the olio and singing in the first-parts. "Cinderella" had a run of six months there. Early in 1856 they determined to remove to more commodious quarters, and they obtained a lease of the premises 585 Broadway, which, after fitting the building up as a beautiful theatre, they opened Aug. 25, 1856, with a minstrel entertainment and a burlesque of "Il Trovatore," G. Swaine Buckley singing the role of Man-nigger-o (Manrico). Encouraged by the success which had attended their production of these burlesques, they gave them for a time with uncorked faces. The novelty attracted for a time; but the absence of the negro dialect and make-up rendered them spiritless, and business fell off. The season closed June 22, 1857, and on Aug. 22 they started on a tour of the Western country, playing with uncorked faces, and in December they returned again to 585 Broadway, this city. They reproduced their burlesque operas for a time; but they failed to attract, and old-style minstrel performances were resumed. They closed their unsuccessful season Jan. 9, 1858, and on the 11th opened in 444 Broadway. Their stay there was brief, and on Feb. 27 they started on a tour, and in May opened in Ordway Hall, Boston, Mass., Ordway's Æolians having gone on a tour. Bad business compelled them to close after two weeks' performances. In Nov., 1858, Buckleys' Serenaders began a season in Allston Hall, on Tremont street, nearly opposite the Park Church, Boston, Mass. They again returned to New York July 11, 1859, opening in 585 Broadway, then called the French Theatre, where they continued for some months. On March 21, 1860, they sailed from Boston, Mass., for England, and their success in London and the provincial towns was very flattering. From a programme of their performances given in the Round-room, Rotunda, Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 22, 1860, kindly sent us by J. J. Mullen (of Mullen and Magee, Irish specialty artists), whose father was a member of the troupe, we learn that the Buckleys during this visit to England performed under their own names. The company included G. Swaine, R. Bishop, and Frederick Buckley, J. A. Basquin (who died in Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 27, 1872), G. Lonsdale (now in retirement in Brooklyn), J. J. Mullen (who died in Philadelphia in 1868), J. W. Andrews (now known as J. W. McAndrews), Master Howard (died in England. He was an apprentice of Mr. Andrews), and Miss Julia Gould. They expended a great deal of money in many towns in fitting up halls with scenery for the production of their burlesque operas, and the patronage bestowed upon them was so great as to arouse the jealousy of rival managers, who through their lawyers discovered an old statute which forbade licenses being issued for the performance of opera to any company other than the Royal Opera. This law was successfully enforced against the Buckleys, although they contested it, and they were compelled to give up business and return to America, arriving here in 1861. They then performed in several of the Northern cities, reappearing in Allston Hall, Boston, Oct. 13, 1862, for a brief season, and opening Dec. 22 in the Palace of Music, on Fourteenth street, near Sixth avenue, this city. They closed there Jan. 3, 1863, and two days later opened in Stuyvesant Institute, on Broadway, opposite Bond street, where they remained until 31, and then started on a tour. They decided to locate in Boston, Mass., and dedicated a new hall (formerly Cutting's Aquarial Garden), at the corner of Summer and Chauncey streets, June 15, 1863, where they remained until April 9, 1864. They again started on a tour, which terminated June 23. In August they took to the road with a small company, and gave concerts in black and white faces in the smaller New England towns with only moderate success. They rested from December, 1864, until Feb. 10, 1867, when they resumed their tour. The death of Frederick and R. Bishop Buckley as mentioned above had materially weakened the company. G. Swaine Buckley on July 8, 1867, in Boston, Mass., organized a company including, besides himself, H. Burchard, Jake Budd and two pupils, J. J. Roberts (J. A. Basquin), and C. Pickett, and started on a tour. After reorganizing in Boston they again took the road September, 1868, the chief members being Jake Budd, J. J. Roberts (the Empire Boys), J. H. Stout, and C. D. Bassett. He organized another company, which commenced a tour in Newport, R. I., Aug. 31, 1869, the principal performers being J. H. Murphy, Jake Budd, J. Waterman, Pete Lee, Chas. Heywood, Hogan and Hughes, O. P. Sweet, and Miss Medora Becker, prima-donna. Joseph Norrie joined them Dec. 15, and on July 11, 1870, Mr. Buckley made his reappearance, after ten years' absence, in 585 Broadway, then known as the San Francisco Minstrels' Opera-house. His season there terminated Aug. 13, and the company started on a tour. G. Swaine Buckley and Sam Sharpley started out with a company Sept. 3, 1872, which made a tour of the East and West, and on March 3, 1873, opened in the San Francisco Minstrel Hall (St. James Theatre, on the site of the present Fifth-avenue Theatre), and closed 22. The first-part minstrelsy was replaced by a protean farce, which was followed by an olio and a burlesque opera. The next two seasons Mr. Buckley had a similar troupe on the road, styled Buckley's Serenaders and Burlesque Opera Troupe, the chief female vocalists being Eva Bent and Minnie Loder. On Sept. 13, 1875, he opened Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., with a minstrel company; but, the venture proving unprofitable, he started on a tour Oct. 25, which, however, proved to be of comparatively brief duration. After this he appeared but seldom on the minstrel stage. When sensational dramas were in the zenith of their fame, Mr. Buckley tried his fortune upon the dramatic stage, playing seven characters in "On the Track," in the Boston (Mass.) Theatre two weeks, commencing July 31, 1871, but meeting with only moderate success. During the following season he starred through the country in this drama. He made his last appearance as a performer in the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., May 31 last, when he gave his musical specialties between the plays of the night, the occasion being the benefit of Mrs. C. M. Walcot. Mr. Buckley had been the star there, opening May 26, acting Zip, a negro, in a drama entitled "Devotion," and which was played five nights, attracting but little public attention. It is thought the anxiety and nervousness in preparing this play for representation, combined with the apathetic manner in which the public received it, may have hastened his death, which resulted from diabetes. Mr. Buckley as a performer was without a peer. He was a thorough musician, and played upon a variety of instruments, besides being a composer of more than ordinary merit. He was taken seriously ill on the morning of June 24, and retired to bed at eleven o'clock. At five P. M. he became unconscious, and remained so until his spirit passed away. He left a widow. His funeral took place from his late residence, on Washington street, Quincy, Mass., at one o'clock June 27.

A FABLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY OSCAR R. BEERS.

One time a little busy bee
Did actually inveigle
Into a trap a mighty bird
We call our "Yankee eagle,"
And said: "Now, sir, I ought to be
The emblem of this nation,
And not an old bald-headed thing
That flies o'er all creation."
"You little fool," the eagle said,
"Your talk sounds rather funny;
For you were made to gather sweets
And manufacture honey.
While I soar to the very sky,
Where stars do seem embedded;
And butting against the azure vault
Is what made me bald-headed."
The eagle then snapped up that bee,
And down his throat did suck it;
But oh! that bee did sting that bird
Until he kicked the bucket.

MORAL.

Though they be small you argue with,
Don't lose your common sense,
For all God made He wisely gave
Some mode of self-defense.

TAPS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY SENTINEL.

YOU never miss the water when the water is mist.

ACQUAINTANCES are like corns—when they become unbearable they should be cut.

HIS OPINION.

I've a very strong opinion,
Sammy mine, Sammy mine,
That your friends are making ready,
Sammy mine, Sammy mine,
To put up a job on you,
And rake in a pile or two,
As they once contrived to do,
Do you mind?

PUPIL IN HISTORY CLASS *(reading)*—"A large party of English ladies and gentlemen"—*(turning over two leaves, continues)*—"and entirely naked, engaged in a terrific struggle, such as is seldom seen even in this barbarous country."

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction." In fact, Truth is almost a total stranger, while Fiction is a popular acquaintance.

ARMY BILL-OF-FARE.

BREAD.

Limited.....Hard to get.

MEAT.

Roast Beef.—"Old Veteran," survivor of 1812, "got so poor and weak that they had to sell him to the Government"—served with bill-paste gravy.

Pork.—In the original package—packed before the war—fully matured.

Bacon.—In second childhood. Entitled to extra pay for continuous service.

Slumgullion.—Original recipe unknown. Tradition says inventor suicided—invention tastes that way. Modern method of manufacture: bread crumbs, meat crumbs, fly crumbs, and any other crumbs on hand. Mix with water, warm, and serve in tins with a growl.

SOUP.

Bean (alleged—open for debate, and flies):
Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a soldier grasps the soup tureen,
But finds, alas, no consolation there.
Old post improved.

COFFEE.

(In your mind.) A quart of water, warm, and a trifle off color. Favorite bathing-place for cockchafers.

PICKLES.

None. Don't need 'em—chronic starvation gives more appetite than Congress allows.

FISH.

Suckers.—In every company.
Crabs.—Active.
Codfish.—On halfpay.

LIQUORS.

Red ink, bay rum, Cologne-water, painkiller, Jamaica ginger, hair oil.

DESSERT.

Pudding (heads) in abundance.
Plum Duff.—One plum to four duffs.

EXTRAS.

To be had down at the stables.

A DINNER AS PETER THE GREAT GAVE IT.

At one of the grand dinners given by the Czar a huge pie was placed in the centre of the gentlemen's table, out of which, when the startled carver broke the crust, a beautiful dwarf lady, *in puris naturalibus*, all except a head-dress, stepped, proposed in a set speech and drank in a glass of wine the health of the company, and then retired into her snug retreat, and was carried from the table. A man dwarf was substituted at the ladies' table. Did not Peter say he could reform his people, but not himself? A dinner-party at the Czar's must indeed have been a sight not conceivable out of Bedlam, and could only have been planned in the maddest brain on earth, if a manuscript among the Sloane papers in the British Museum is believable. Such practical jokes! such wild, grotesque gamboling! the frolics of leviathan! the laughter of a Titan, as frightful in his fun as in his fury! There was accommodation at the Czar's table for about a hundred; but the grim humorist always issued invitations to twice or th

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

F. H. W., Albany.—1. A loses, under our rule, which requires the winning club in a case of that kind to score at least two runs. 2. Practically, 1 to 9 is not a worse bet than 4 to 1. In the one case the winners make but one run more than the losers, while in the other they make three more. In scoring but one they practically win by the least possible majority. The only objection to accepting the arbitrary theoretical standard that 1 to 0 is as good as 2 or 3 to 1 is that on the same principle 1 to 0 is as good as 100 or 10,000 to 1, and practically it is not. Hence the arbitrary rule that to win a two-to-one bet a baseball club must score at least two runs, and to win a five-to-one bet it must score at least five runs. Let it not be inferred, however, that we hold that 1 to 0 is not so good as 2 to 1 from the average point of view. Were half-runs possible at baseball, it would at once be apparent to everybody that 1 to 0 is more than 2 to 1. But fractional runs are not possible, and therefore it is useless to seek to satisfy the bulk of the betting that a score of 1 to 0 is as bad a beat as a score of 10 to 1. By a simple rule we cover all these cases—1 to 0 means with us merely one more than none at all. See answer to "James Jacob, Troy."

A PEDRO SHARP, San Francisco.—1. The count is high, low, jack, game, sancho and pedro. 2. If you desired our decision to be based upon somebody else's decision, you should have added so at first, and we should have referred you to that somebody else. We had to decide these matters years before the game was touched by this so-called "Hoyle," which, to justify its very unreasonable claim that the smaller point counts before the highest—that is, that pedro counts before sancho—has unjustifiably changed the title of the game from "Sancho Pedro" to "Pedro Sancho." One of these days this "Hoyle" will hear that there is a "don" in this game about as often as there is a "sancho," and it will then call "Don Pedro-sancho" by the name of "Pedro Sancho Don," in order to make the "don" count last.

N. A. W., Cleveland.—"A man on second and a man on third base. The man from second runs to third base, which he touches. The man on third starts home, but, the ball being thrown to the catcher, he (the catcher) touches his home plate, when the runner starts back to third, and the runner from second, who has touched third, goes back to second. The ball is then thrown to third base, and the baseman touches his base, for the runner go back to second after touching third? Is either or both men out, neither being touched?".....No. base-runner can be forced to base unless the batter following him is himself forced off by the act of the striker in hitting a fair ball. Neither man was out, neither being touched while off his base, and neither being "forced off."

COUNCIL BLUFFS.—The backer of Bluff City No. 1 wins. The bettors of course contemplated that each competitor should have but one trial. It was not imagined by either that Rescue would have two trials, and Bluff City but one, or in other words that the backer of Bluff City should virtually be penalized because that contingency beat Rescue in the first trial, and thus won the honors of the competition. The time made in determining the tie between Rescue and Champion is of no account with respect to this wager.

SOLO, San Francisco.—The points of the foundation game—all-fours—count first in their old order: high, low, jack and game; and then the innovations count according to their value. If the game is simply pedro, pedro counts fifth; if it is sancho-pedro, pedro counts sixth; if it is don-sancho-pedro, pedro counts seventh. The same process obtains as to sancho or any other card to which a higher than pedro. The innovation is given a place according to its numerical value. See "A Pedro Sharp, San Francisco."

C. F. R., Hamilton.—The total length of the proposed Brooklyn Bridge will be about 6,000ft.; between anchorages its length will be 3,475ft.; and between towers it will have a length of 1,595ft. The height of the towers will be 268ft. above high-water mark, and the bottom of the bridge at its lowest point above the river will be 135ft. at high water. The deflection of the cables is 128ft.

J. M. G., Boston.—B could throw out one or more of his jacks. The discard pile will always show the cards on which was opened, in connection with the number of the remaining cards; and on this occasion B showed at once the card he was putting away. To restrict the opener of a pot to the cards with which he opened is to penalize him for the mere act of opening.

F. J. A., Troy.—1. The Chicagos on June 19 had won a greater percentage of the games played than had the Albanys had of National championship games, their respective percentage then being .80 and .72. 2. To calculate the percentage, divide the number of games won by the total number of games played, and the quotient will be the percentage.

W. J. BAKER, Campbell.—You have made a mistake. The jump you allude to was in the intercollegiate games, and has been beaten elsewhere. The best recorded amateur standing (running) broad jump in America is that of Thomas B. Thompson in California. If you cannot do much better work than you state, you cannot make any money at the business.

C. H. L., North Topeka.—1. The reason given for Rowell's declining to start was that he had injured one of his feet. Of course, we cannot say whether that was the true reason or not. 2. We

UNITED STATES vs. CANADA.

Secretary John P. Green of the Cricketers' Association of the United States, under date of June 24, writes the annexed letter:

The Executive Committee of the Association are about opening a correspondence with the Canada clubs, in reference to a match between the States and Canada, to be played in Canada in the latter part of August. The visiting team are this time to pay their own expenses, and receive no share of the gate-money, it being intended that the match shall be an annual one, and played alternately on the above basis in Canada and the United States, and that the gate-money received at the matches played in the States shall constitute a special fund, out of which to meet the expenses of future international teams visiting Canada. The secretaries of the clubs connected with the association are therefore requested to send, before July 5, a list of players who desire to take part in this match, from whom the team can be selected; and it is hoped that such a response will be received as will insure the sending of a strong team, and add to the record already made.

THE WAKEFIELD CLUB tried conclusions on June 28 with the second eleven of the Young America Club at Philadelphia, the result being a victory for the former by 63 runs. The respective totals were: Wakefield, 71 and 77; Young America, 22 and 63. The Wakefields are indebted to the young Cargreaves for this victory, the two brothers scoring 48 runs between them, and Bob bowling eleven wickets for 39 runs. J. Pease batted well for 24 in the second inning of the Young Americas.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Baseball.

NATIONAL GAMES.

July 1, Utica vs. National, at Utica.
July 1, Holyoke vs. Manchester, at Holyoke.
July 2, Springfield vs. Manchester, at Springfield.
July 2, New Bedford vs. Worcester, at New Bedford.
July 3, Albany vs. Manchester, at Albany.
July 3, Springfield vs. Holyoke, at Springfield.
July 4, Albany vs. Flour City, at Albany.
July 4 and 5, Utica vs. Manchester, at Utica.
July 7, Flour City vs. Manchester, at Rochester.
July 7, Worcester vs. New Bedford, at Worcester.

LEAGUE GAMES.

July 1, Providence vs. Boston, at Providence.
July 1, Syracuse vs. Troy, at Syracuse.
July 2 and 3, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Chicago.
July 2, Cleveland vs. Buffalo, at Cleveland.
July 4 and 5, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago.
July 4 and 5, Cincinnati vs. Syracuse, at Cincinnati.
July 4, and 5, Buffalo vs Cleveland, at Buffalo.
July 4, 5 and 7, Providence vs. Troy, at Providence.

LOCAL GAMES.

July 1, Flyaway vs. Malden, at Jersey City.
July 1, Witoka vs. Alaska, at Union Ground.
July 2, Jersey City vs. Malden, at Jersey City.
July 3, Alaska vs. Malden, at Jersey City.
July 4 (A. M.), Alaska vs. Witoka, at Union Ground.
July 4 (P. M.), Montgomery vs. New York, at Union Ground.
July 4, Jersey City vs. Flyaway, at Jersey City.
July 5, Flyaway vs. Domestic, at Jersey City.
July 5, Witoka vs. Flyaway, at Union Ground.

OTHER GAMES.

July 1, Athletic vs. Easton, at Philadelphia.
July 1, Bayonne vs. Rockford, at Rockford.
July 2, Defiance vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.
July 3, Dubuque vs. Rockford, at Clinton.
July 3, West Philadelphia vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.
July 3, Philadelphia vs. Jersey City, at Philadelphia.
July 4, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, morning and afternoon, at Philadelphia.
July 4 (A. M.), Orange vs. Flyaway, at Orange.
July 5, Athletic vs. Jersey City, at Philadelphia.
July 4 and 7, Dubuque vs. Rockford at Dubuque.
July 5, Riverton vs. Mutual, at Riverton.

Cricket.

July 2, Germantown vs. Baltimore, at Germantown.
July 3, Young America vs. Baltimore, at Germantown.
July 4, Germantown vs. Young America, at Germantown.
July 4, Belmont vs. Staten Island, at Staten Island.
July 4, Chestnut Hill vs. Baltimore, at Chestnut Hill.
July 5, Columbia vs. Staten Island (2d In, at Staten Isl'nd.

GAMES BY TELEGRAPH.

The following are the results by telegraph of the games played on June 30:

National vs. Utica, at Utica	5 to 1
Worcester vs. New Bedford, at New Bedford	9 1
Springfield vs. Manchester, at Springfield	4 3
Albany vs. Flour City, at Rochester	12 5
Troy vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	5 2
Cleveland vs. Buffalo, at Cleveland	2

THE NATIONAL RECORD.

The National has become the most interesting of the two campaigns for the United States championship. Not only are the games better played, as a general thing, but the contest for the National pennant is a more uninteresting, one-sided affair than the League race possesses. The patronage, too, is largely in excess of that of the League, and it increases as the season progresses and the struggle becomes more and more exciting. In the National arena there is not a contesting team that can fairly be said to be "out of the race," as are the majority of the teams in the League arena. In fact, it is a mere toss-up between four or five of the National nines as to which will lead at the end of the present month. In percentage of victories Albany leads, followed by Holyoke, Washington and Springfield, while in the record of won and lost games Washington leads, followed by Springfield, Holyoke and Albany. In fact, there are but two clubs which have a low place on the National form, and those are the Uticas, lowered by bad management, and the Rochesters, reduced by disabled players. Worcester is pulling up rapidly, and Manchester and New Bedford are well up in the race. It is a pretty contest all round, and it is impossible to say which club will be first or which last. The record to date is as follows:

	Albany	Flour Cy	Holyoke	Manchester	National	N. Bed'd	Rochester	Springfield	Utica	Worc'ter	Won.
Albany		5	1	3	2	1	3	0	2	1	17
Flour City	0		2	1	1	3	2	2	2	1	15
Holyoke	2	3		2	2	2	3	2	2	4	19
Manchester	1	0	2		1	2	0	3	2	1	13
National	2	3	3	1		1	2	3	4	2	21
New Bedford	1	1	1	1	1		3	1	3	2	14
Springfield	1	3	4	3	1	0		2	3	2	19
Utica	0	1	0	2	2	1	1		2	1	12
Worcester	0	2	0	2	1	2	1	1	3		12
Games lost	5	17	9	18	11	18	13	16	18	12	

THE LEAGUE CAMPAIGN.

The end of June closes the first two months' play of the five months' season of the League, and already the final issue of the campaign has become almost a foregone conclusion. This must seriously affect the financial results of the League campaign by lessening the attendance at the majority of games yet to be played. The falling-off from grace by the Cincinnatis has been a damaging element; while the lack of judicious management in the junior branch of the League has led to injurious complications. The "personal legislation" policy, too, has had the effect of bringing the League into disrepute. Out of all this but one club has profited, and that is the Boss' own club. He has worked hard for success, and, though twice beaten, he has at last been able to outmaneuvre his brethren of Boston and the other League cities. For, unless the Chicago team goes back on itself, we see nothing in any other city—excepting Providence, perhaps—to prevent them from taking the pennant for 1879. The League event of last week was the taking into camp of Harry's Reds by George's Grays. "There is a Providence which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may," says Harry. Here is how the record stands on the last day of June. We give the names this week in the order of won games, so that the table will tell the story at a glance.

	Chicago	Cincinnati	Providence	Boston	Buffalo	Syracuse	Troy	Cleveland	Won.	Drawn	Played.
Chicago		4	6	2	6	5	0	2	25	1	28
Providence	2	3	4	6	0	0	4	1	19	1	29
Boston	2	2	3	4	4	0	5	2	19	0	29
Buffalo	0	2	2	1	0	3	5	2	14	0	28
Cincinnati	1	0	2	0	3	5	5	1	11	0	27
Syracuse	1	0	0	2	1	0	5	0	11	0	28
Troy	0	0	0	1	1	2	3	1	8	0	27
Cleveland	0	2	0	2	0	1	4	2	3	0	27
Lost	4	10	14	14	16	17	17	19			

The Western papers said last March that the month of July would see the four juniors of the League—viz., the names of Buffalo, Syracuse, Troy and Cleveland, last on the list, and the prophecy is very likely to come true.

EAST vs. WEST.

Hitherto in the annual campaigns for the League pennant the Eastern clubs have always got the best of the Western. This season, however, there is a change of base, and for once the Western clubs have come to front, the record up to the close of June being as follows:

WESTERN VICTORIES.

	Boston.	Providence.	Troy.	Syracuse.	Won.
Chicago	6	6	5	4	21
Cincinnati	2	0	5	3	10
Cleveland	1	0	2	1	4
Buffalo	2	2	3	5	12
Games lost	11	6	17	13	47

EASTERN VICTORIES.

	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Cleveland.	Buffalo.	Won.
Providence	2	6	4	4	16
Boston	0	4	5	4	13
Syracuse	1	5	3	5	14
Troy	1	1	3	1	6
Games lost	3	14	17	12	46

The three months left for the East to pull up in. A lead of one game is not much.

THE LEAGUE RECORD.

The following is the League championship record for June:

June 4, Cincinnati vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	6 to 5
June 5, Chicago vs. Providence, at Providence	6 5
June 5, Cleveland vs. Troy, at Troy	4 2
June 5, Syracuse vs. Cincinnati, at Syracuse	10 1
June 5, Providence vs. Chicago, at Providence	3 0
June 6, Boston vs. Buffalo, at Boston (6 innings)	7 4
June 7, Buffalo vs. Boston, at Boston	4 1
June 7, Syracuse vs. Cincinnati, at Syracuse	3 2
June 7, Chicago vs. Providence, at Providence	12 6
June 7, Troy vs. Cleveland, at Troy	19 4
June 9, Boston vs. Buffalo, at Boston	9 1
June 10, Providence vs. Cincinnati, at Providence	6 1
June 10, Boston vs. Cleveland, at Boston	11 3
June 10, Chicago vs. Troy, at Troy (8 innings)	1 3
June 11, Syracuse vs. Buffalo, at Syracuse	7 5
June 12, Boston vs. Cleveland, at Boston	1 0
June 12, Chicago vs. Troy, at Troy	13 3
June 12, Buffalo vs Syracuse, at Syracuse	5 3
June 13, Providence vs. Cincinnati, at Providence	19 6
June 14, Cleveland vs. Boston, at Boston	3 2
June 14, Troy vs. Chicago, at Troy	10 8
June 14, Providence vs. Cincinnati, at Providence	4 0
June 16, Cleveland vs. Boston, at Boston	10 2
June 17, Bost n vs. Cincinnati, at Boston	9 0
June 17, Chicago vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	3 2
June 17, Cleveland vs. Providence, at Providence	5 2
June 17, Buffalo vs Troy, at Troy	5 3
June 19, Chicago vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	4 0
June 19, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston	6 0
June 19, Providence vs. Cleveland, at Providence	8 1
June 19, Buffalo vs. Troy, at Troy	4 3
June 20, Buffalo vs. Troy, at Troy	8 3
June 21, Cincinnati vs. Boston, at Boston	15 13
June 21, Chicago vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	5 3
June 21, Providence vs. Cleveland, at Providence	5 3
June 23, Troy vs. Syracuse, at Troy	6 0
June 24, Providence vs. Boston, at Boston	4 1
June 24, Cleveland vs. Buffalo, at Buffalo	4 3
June 24, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Cincinnati	4 1
June 25, Providence vs. Boston, at Providence	9 3
June 25, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	7 3
June 25, Troy vs. Syracuse, at Troy	5 0
June 25, Buffalo vs. Cleveland, at Buffalo	3 1
June 26, Troy vs. Syracuse, at Troy	8 2
June 26, Boston vs. Providence, at Boston	3 1
June 27, Buffalo vs. Cleveland	2 1
June 28, Boston vs. Providence, at Boston	10 1
June 28, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	5 1
June 30, Troy vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	5 2
June 30, Cleveland vs. Buffalo, at Cleveland	9 1

THE FLYAWAYS AND DOMESTICS were billed to play at Newark, N. J., on June 28, but by reason of a misunderstanding the Flyaways were only able to present six men, their uniforms, bats, and other players failing to make the connection. The manager, rather than disappoint the Newarkers, determined to play with the men who had put in an appearance, and the result was that the Domestics won in a six-inning game by a score of 4 to 2, a heavy thunder shower preventing its conclusion.

J. A. PIERCE, dealer in sporting goods, Chicago, Ill., has issued a baseball and racing score-book, especially arranged for pool and combination buyers and betting men. It contains a record of championship games, winning horses and other sporting matter, and is published at the advertised price.

PROSPECT PARK CHAMPIONSHIP.

Two games were last week added to the list of the Prospect Park, Brooklyn, championship, the Nameless playing their first match with the Putnams on June 28, and the Commercials theirs with the Dauntless. The scores are as follow:

NAMELESS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Slade, s. s	4	2	2	1	3	1
Lee, 2d b	5	2	2	5	2	3
Nelson, l. f	5	1	1	0	0	0
Smith, c	5	3	3	4	6	4
Bunce, 1st b	5	1	1	10	0	0
D'ham, 3d b	5	1	1	1	2	1
Grierson, r. f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Jackson, p	4	0	3	0	1	0
Totals	37	10	13	21	12	9

PUTNAM.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Seward, 2d b	4	0	1	5	3	2
McGlone, p	4	1	1	0	1	3
Cox, c. f	4	0	1	1	0	1
Pierce, 1st b	3	1	1	9	0	0
Edwards, r. f	3	1	0	0	0	0
Farrell, c	3	0	0	3	0	5
Ext'ce, 3d b	3	0	1	1	1	3
Carter, s. s	3	0	0	1	4	0
Nelson, l. f	3	0	0	1	1	2
Totals	30	3	5	21	10	16

	Putnam	Nameless
Putnam	1	0
Nameless	4	0

0 0 1 0 0 1 0—3
0 0 4 0 1 1 1—8

First base by errors—Nameless, 5; Putnam, 4. Earned run—Nameless, 1. Umpire, Mr. Thetford. Time, 1h. 35m.

The latter game was played on Field No. 2. Both were stopped at the end of the seventh inning by rain.

COMMERCIAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Donahue, p	3	2	7	3	1
Ready, c	2	2	3	2	0
Sweeney	0	0	0	0	0
Connolly, s. s	0	1	2	0	0
Hatfield, 2d b	0	0	1	0	1
Gans, 3d b	2	1	0	2	1
Cartright, 1st b	2	1	13	0	0
Earl, r. f	0	0	0	1	0
Johnson, c	0	0	5	1	3
Gross, c. f	1	1	1	2	0
Totals	10	8	27	9	2

DAUNTLESS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mann, 3d b	0	0	1	0	0
Vanmeyer, 2b	1	0	0	2	1
Gray, 1st b	0	1	11	0	0
Griswold, l. f	0	0	0	2	0
W. Halstead, s. s	0	0	2	0	1
J. Halstead, r. f	0	0	1	0	0
G. Halstead, p	0	1	6	0	2
Johnson, c	0	0	5	1	3
Wray, c. f	0	0	2	2	1
Totals	1	2	27	7	8

	Commercial	Dauntless
Commercial	1	0
Nameless	0	1
Polytechnic	0	0
Barrett	0	0
Dauntless	0	0
Putnam	0	0
Lost	0	2

0 0 0 1 3 3 3
1 0 1 1 1 2 4
0 0 0 0 0 0 2
0 0 0 0 0 0 2
0 0 0 0 0 0 1
0 0 0 0 0 0 2
1 2 7 6

The Nameless plays the Dauntless on July 4, and the Barrett nine July 5, both at the Park.

THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

What nine is the champion college team for 1879? is the interesting question asked in all the colleges of the country. The Brown University team say "We are," the Harvards say "We are," and the Yales—well, they don't exactly say "We are," but they don't think the others are fully entitled to the honor. It is a decided case of what Capt. Corcoran calls "sixes and sevens." There is no special code of championship rules to go by, and no College Association whose *ipse dixit* can decide the mooted question. How is it going to be settled? A correspondent, writing in the interest of the Browns, thus discourseth on the subject. Referring to the statement that the Browns had forfeited to Yale, he says:

"This is unjust to Brown, and, moreover, does not claim it. Why! In April the Brown manager wrote to Yale in regard to dates for a series of three games; Yale replied that, as she did not expect Brown would enter for the college championship, she had already arranged other games for all available dates. Finally, however, two games were arranged, one for New Haven and the other for Providence. You know the result. For a third game Yale could give no date before June 30. Brown said that she could not keep her nine together so long after commencement (two weeks). Both managers agreed that a tie record should stand as it was at that time—one game won by each club. Now, as to the college championship. If all college games count, Brown has the championship, for she won 7 and lost 2 (77 per cent.). Yale won 8 and lost 4 (66 per cent.). Harvard won 5 or 6 and lost 5. But obviously there are certain games that should not count. For example, Trinity (Hartford) did not play a series with the other clubs. If such a club be excluded, there remain only Harvard, Yale and Brown as claimants for the championship. In their games with each other, Harvard won 3 and lost 4 (42 6-7 per cent.), Yale won 3 and lost 4 (42 6-7 per cent.), Brown won 3 and lost 1 (75 per cent). The third way to look at the question is this: Brown won a series and tied one, Yale lost a series and tied one, Harvard won a series and lost one. This view still gives the championship to Brown. *The Boston Herald* has ruled out the Brown nine because they play a series of three games instead of five. The three-game series has been the custom with all the colleges till within two years, at which time Harvard and Yale agreed to make five games the test of superiority. Should Brown be ruled out because she follows the old method of evincing superiority, especially when the other colleges agree to her so doing? In short, if Brown be not ruled out through ineligibility of Richmond and Winslow to play with them, or through their failure to play Yale a third game (for which failure Yale alone is responsible, though, as will be seen, the home-nine excelled both at the bat and in the field. Keenan batted exceedingly well, and played his position admirably, while, as for "Critch," the way he sent in the spheres was simply terrific. Rocap and Burns acquitted themselves well, the latter making a splendid running catch, while for the Yalensians McClellan's short-fielding and Baker's remarkable catch in the fifth inning were the particular features. Lynch also pitched very effectively, receiving good assistance from Trott.

ALBANY.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b	4	2	1	4	2	0
Dunlap, 2b	4	0	1	4	3	1
Hanlon, l. f	4	1	1	1	0	0
Thomas, c. f	4	0	1	2	0	0
Tobin, 1st b	4	0	0	11	0	0
Say, s. s	4	0	0	1	4	1
Rocap, r. f	4	0	0	2	0	0
Keenan, p	4	0	0	0	4	0
Critchley, p	3	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	37	3	4	27	17	2

NATIONAL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ellick, 3d b	4	2	2	0	2	0
McClel'n, s. s	4	0	0	1	4	0
Tierney, 2b	4	0	0	0	1	1
Baker, c	4	0	0	12	0	0
Meyerle, l. f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Derby, r. f	4	0	1	1	0	0
Lynch, p	3	0	0	1	7	2
Bond, l. f	3	0	0	0	0	0
Trott, c	3	0	1	8	2	2
Totals	33	2	5	27	16	6

	Albany	National
Albany	1	0
National	1	0

0 0 0 0 1 0 0—3
0 0 0 0 1 0 1—2

Total bases—Albany, 7; National, 5. First base on error—Albany, 2; National, 2. Left on bases—Albany, 4; National, 4. Passed ball—Trott, 1. Bases on called balls—None. Struck out—Albany, 4; National, 3. Double-plays—McClellan and Baker. Two-base hit—Dunlap, 1. Wild pitch—Lynch, 1. Umpire, J. T. Lynch. Time, 2h.

HARVARD vs. YALE.

The deciding game in the college-championship series was played at Providence, R. I., on June 28, between Harvard and Yale. The lead at the outset was taken by Yale, who opened with four successive singles, and, aided by wild throws, scored four runs. After this Yale failed to make a run, and, in fact, hit Ernst safely but three times. The Harvards were blanked in one-two-three order the first three innings, and then they commenced batting, passing Yale in the seventh, when the latter became completely demoralized and allowed the Harvards to win easily.

YALE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hchinson, s. s	5	0	1	1	3	1
Parker, 3d b	4	1	1	1	3	1
Lamb, p	4	1	2	5	2	1
Camp, l. f	4	1	1	0	0	0
Clark, c	4	1	1	2	0	2
Walden, 2b	4	0	1	4	2	1
Hopkins, 1b	4	0	1	9	0	2
Watson, c. f	4	0	0	3	0	0
Ripley, r. f	3	0	1	2	0	0
Totals	34	4	7	27	10	8

HARVARD.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Coolidge, 2b	5	2	2	5	1	1
Tyng, c	5	2	2	5	1	1
Ernst, p	5	3	2	0	6	0
Wright, 1st b	5	0	0	12	0	0
Winsor, s. s	5	0	1	1	3	2
Olmstead, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Nunn, s. s	4	0	0	2	6	0
Cohen, c. f	4	0	0	1	0	0
Holden, 3d b	4	2	2	3	3	2
Totals	41	9	12	27	19	4

	Harvard	Yale
Harvard	0	0
Yale	4	0

0 0 1 0 1 3 0—4—9
0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0—4

Earned run—Harvard, 1. Two-base hits—Wright, 3. First base on balls—Ernst. First base on errors—Harvard, 6; Yale, 2. Double-plays—Lamb, Parker, Hutchinson, 1. Passed balls—Tyng, 1; Watson, 1. Umpire, S. W. Nickerson, Providence. Time, 2h.

CHICAGO vs. CINCINNATI.

The Chicagos—the coming champions—had an easy task in defeating the Cincinnatis at Chicago, Ill., on June 28. The Chicagos outplayed their opponents at all points, as will be seen by the appended:

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hotaling, r. f	4	1	0	3	0	1
Barnes, s. s	4	0	0	1	3	0
J. White, c. f	4	0	1	3	0	0
Kelley, c	4	0	1	8	0	4
McVey, 1b	4	0	0	7	0	0
Dickerson, 3b	3	0	1	4	0	1
Gerhardt, 2b	3	0	0	1	4	1
Foley, 3d b	3	0	0	1	1	1
W. White, p	3	0	0	0	5	0
Totals	32	1	3	27	13	12

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Flint, c	5	0	1	6	1	1
Peters, s. s	5	0	2	0	3	0
Addison, 3b	5	0	0	1	3	0
Anson, 1st b	5	0	1	13	0	0
Shaffer, r. f	5	1	2	2	0	1
Quest, 2d b	4	1	0	2	6	0
Larkin, p	4	2	2	0	0	0
Gore, c. f	4	2	2	0	0	1
Hankins'n, lf	4	0	0	4	0	0
Totals	41	5	10	27	16	4

	Chicago	Cincinnati
Chicago	0	0
Cincinnati	1	0

0 0 0 0 3 0 2 0—5
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Earned runs—Chicago, 2. Two-base hits—Larkin, Gore and Kelley. First base on balls—Chicago, 2. First base on errors—Chicago, 3; Cincinnati, 2. Struck out—Chicago, 4; Cincinnati, 3. Passed balls—Kelley, 2. Wild pitches—White, 3. Umpire, McLean. Time, 2h. 40m.

HUDSON vs. FLOUR CITY.

At Hudson, N. Y., June 26, the home nine gained a creditable victory over the Flour City Club of Rochester. The fielding of West, Becannon and Manning was brilliant.

HUDSON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Nelson, s. s	1	1	0	2	1
Becannon, 3d b	0	0	3	3	1
Taylor, c. f	0	0	2	0	0
Stevens, l. f	1	2	1	0	0
Noble, 1st b	0	0	9	0	1
Hayes, c	0	0	9	0	1
Valentine, p	2	2	1	5	0
West, 2d b	0	0	5	2	0
Bradley, p	1	0	1	1	0
Totals	5	7	27	15	10

FLOUR CITY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Higham, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Manning, l. f	0	0	5	1	0
Barnard, s. s	0	0	2	4	1
Lewis, 2d b	1	2	4	1	3
Murnan, c. f	2	2	2	0	0
Murnan, c	2	2	2	0	0
McClure, c	0	1	4	2	0
Corey, 1st b	0	0	9	0	1
Caldwell	0	0	1	0	4
Totals	6	6	27	13	9

	Hudson	Flour City
Hudson	0	2
Flour City	0	0

0 3 0 0 1 0 0—5
0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Runs earned—None. First base by errors—Hudson, 7; Flour City, 4. Umpire, N. F. Boucher. Time, 2h. 45m.

CHICAGO BALLPLAYERS IN TROUBLE.

The Chicagos and Stars of Cincinnati visited Indianapolis, Ind., on June 26, and played an exhibition game, R. L. Smith, who managed this affair, guaranteed the two nines $250, which left him out of pocket, as only three hundred persons paid for admission. The game was closely contested, as the following score by innings shows:

Star	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0—3
Chicago	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—5

Star—Base-hits, 9; runs earned, 2. Chicago—Base-hits, 14; runs earned, 1.

A scene which was not down on the bills is thus referred to by our correspondent:

"Just as the game was about to commence a constable appeared on the grounds and served a *capias* for Shaffer and Flint, who, while playing in the local nine, incurred sundry pecuniary obligations which remained unpaid. The constable claims that he was obstructed in the performance of his duty by Bob Smith, who was managing the clubs on this occasion, and the only tongue of Captain Anson. At any rate, he didn't get his men. After the game Flint and Shaffer secreted themselves in a hack, and were hurriedly transported to an out-of-the-way place from which to board the train, leaving at 5:45 P. M. for Cincinnati. The remainder of the club went to the depot, as also did the constable. Not finding his men, the latter questioned a person concerning them, who used profane language to the minion of the law, for which he was unceremoniously hurried off to the station-house, several policemen participating. In the meantime the train had gone with the remainder of the club, including Flint and Shaffer. Anson put up $30 for his appearance on June 27 on a charge of profanity, and went to a hotel, where he was shortly afterwards again arrested—this time for resisting an officer. A Justice promptly assessed him $16.20. As Anson's presence in Cincinnati was imperatively necessary, he forfeited his bail in the first case. Whenever a fee is in sight, Indianapolis officers are very prompt in asserting and enforcing the majesty of the law. But the end is not yet. Hearing that the Chicago Club would pass through here at 11 o'clock on June 27 on its return home, a special detail of twenty deputy constables assembled at the Union Depot to capture Flint and Shaffer. The train was raided, the gentlemen sought could not be found, but little Joe Quest was captured. The bill of a creditor for $55 was presented, which Mr. Hulbert, president of the club, paid, and Quest was released. The action of Treat, Quest's creditor, is severely criticised, inasmuch as he was a stockholder of the Indianapolis Club of last year, which is still indebted to its players in a considerable amount. Flint and Shafter were on the train, slowed away under the adipose form of a friend in need."

PROVIDENCE vs. BOSTON.

The Bostons were badly defeated by the Providence nine in the championship game played at Providence, R. I., on June 27. Brown and Mathews got home-runs in the fourth inning, and after that the Providence punished Bond in a manner fearful to behold, earning five of the seven runs made in the sixth inning. Foley was then substituted as pitcher, and the Providence hard-hitters made but four safe hits off him in the last three innings. Geo. Wright and O'Rourke led in batting, the former with two three-baseers and a two-bagger. Ward pitched very effectively, and was well supported in the field.

PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hines, c. f	6	2	0	2	0	0
O'Rourke, 1b	6	1	4	13	0	0
McGeary, 2b	6	3	3	1	3	0
Wright, s. s	6	2	3	3	2	0
York, l. f	5	2	1	1	0	0
Snyder, c	5	1	2	3	2	0
Burdock, 2b	5	2	3	3	1	2
Hague, 3b	5	0	3	1	3	0
Ward, p	5	2	3	0	2	1
Mathews, r. f	5	1	1	2	0	0
Totals	49	15	21	27	11	3

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jones, l. f	4	1	1	3	1	0
Houck, s. s	4	1	2	2	5	2
Foley, r. f., p	4	0	2	0	1	0
O'Rourke, c. f	4	0	0	2	0	1
Snyder, c	4	0	0	2	0	0
Burdock, 2b	4	0	1	3	2	0
Morrill, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	0
Bond, p., r. f	3	0	0	0	4	3
Sutton, 3b	3	1	1	2	1	2
Totals	34	3	7	27	15	11

	Providence	Boston
Providence	0	2
Boston	0	0

0 4 2 0 0 0 1 0—8
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1

Earned runs—Providence, 6; Boston, 2. Two-base hits—O'Rourke, Wright, Brown, McGeary, Ward, Houck. Three-base hits—Wright (2), Ward, Sutton. Home-runs—Brown, Mathews. First base on errors—Providence, 3. Double-plays—Burdock and Morrill. Passed balls—Snyder, 2. Wild pitches—Ward, 1; Bond, 2. Umpire, R. Ferguson. Time, 2h. 30m.

The fifth game between these nines was played on June 28, at Boston, Mass., and, after an exhibition of hard hitting, in which both sides got an equal share, the home-nine were victorious, thanks to their almost faultless fielding. Jones and Mack led off for the Bostons with singles, and were sent home by Fo

IN VAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO OSCAR R. BEERS, BY ANNIE HINDLE.

Though the sparks of love may smoulder,
Though their presence may be unknown,
Still they burn within the bosom,
And when we are sadder, older,
They shall bear fruit like the blossom
Which matures and grows alone.

Though they seem to be quiescent,
Though we deem them passive still,
Yet they ever are maturing
With a growth that is incessant,
And a constant and enduring,
Though our lot be good or ill.

Fires they are which shall consume us
With a grievous, heartfelt pain;
And to grief which has no ending
Slumbering love shall rise and doom us,
And beneath our burden bending
We shall pray for peace in vain.

Yet with all the deep devotion
Of a pilgrim at his shrine,
We are idly drifting ever
Over life's tempestuous ocean,
With the vain hope and endeavor
To gain love we deem divine.

AGNES' SECRET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY NICHOLAS NILES.

When, at twenty-six, I fell in love, it was purely an involuntary act. I did not mean to do it. I had firmly resolved, as a good many of us do at twenty-six, never to marry. But when I fell dangerously ill in the far West, and came to be nursed back to health by the gentlest, sweetest woman in the world, I really could not help loving that woman. Before I had risen from my bed I knew that life would be a wretched burden unless I could share its joys and sorrows with Agnes Dean. From that moment I ceased to philosophize about love. I was content simply to yearn in its power.

Chance had led me to Denver, Colorado, where, in a singular manner, I first came to know Agnes Dean. I was a stranger in the town, traveling for no other purpose than that of amusement. One night I went into a gambling-house, more for the sake of watching the game than of testing my luck, and while there one of the players struck such a remarkable run of good fortune as to attract general attention. He was an old man, with long, white hair, and a benevolent expression in his mild blue eyes. He would have appeared perfectly in place in a pulpit, and he looked certainly as if he were more familiar with Watts' hymns than with a faro lay out. His luck was astonishing. He won everything, and kept doubling his stacks of chips until his supply far exceeded that of the bank. Finally he rose up with a satisfied smile, turned the ivories into cash, and went out of the room with something like nine hundred dollars in his pocket.

"The old gent struck it fat to-night," remarked one of the company.

A moment later I noticed a short, stocky man, who had been watching the table, leave the room. Without knowing what prompted me to do so, I followed him. In the street I saw the venerable gamester making his way slowly along the sidewalk alone. The stocky man strolled on in the same direction, after him. At the first corner, the old man turned into a cross-street. He was followed, as I felt certain he would be, by the stocky man, who now quickened his pace nearly to a run. I quickened mine accordingly. The fellow overtook his prey just as the latter was about entering his house. He came up stealthily from behind, and his arm was already raised to strike a murderous blow when I seized his wrist with a grip of iron. He turned with an oath, and before I could grapple with him he had whipped out a pistol. I still held his right hand, and made an effort to get at my own revolver, which I carried in my hip-pocket; but before I could do this, the report of his pistol rang in my ears. I was blinded by a sudden flash, and I felt a strange ringing in my head. Then all became a blank.

It was in June, on the night of the tenth, that this happened. It was not until July that I came back to a full consciousness of worldly matters. It was then, also, that I became first conscious of the presence of Agnes Dean, whose sweet face greeted me with a glad smile when I opened my eyes wonderingly upon her. By degrees I came to know what had already been known for days to the citizens of Denver. The old man, whose good fortune at cards had very nearly cost him his life, was nearly cost Agnes' uncle. His would-be assassin, and mine as well, was a notorious desperado, variously denominated as Shorty Jake, Black Dowling and the Bulldog. But for my obtrusive interest in his affairs the Bulldog would certainly have possessed himself of the nine hundred dollars in Mr. Dean's pocket. As it was, after lodging a bullet in my head, the fellow took to his heels, nor had any trace of him since been discovered. Old Martin Dean insisted upon having the wounded stranger removed to his own house then and there, under the tender watchfulness of old Martin's niece, he slowly recovered. And it was in the period of convalescence that he involuntarily fell in love with his pretty nurse.

Agnes, I learned, was but a visitor in her uncle's house, whither she had come only a day or two before my own arrival in Denver. She had journeyed from her home in Ohio alone, but when she set out to return, two months later, it was with her whilom patient as an escort.

"I cannot promise to be your wife," she had said frankly, "until you know more of me than you do now."

"Very well," I answered. "I will go home with you and devote myself to acquiring that knowledge, although I regard it as wholly unnecessary."

Old Martin parted with us sorrowfully enough, His gratitude for what I had done was most sincere, and his liking for me was unmistakable.

"I never forgot that I owe you my life," he said. "I couldn't think more of you if you were my son."

"I hope before very long," I answered, "to be your nephew, which will be the next best thing!"

Our journey was a pleasant one from Denver to the little Ohio town where Agnes lived. I felt so confident that time would only strengthen my love that I regarded her already as my affianced wife. She had made no effort to conceal her feelings towards me. The one condition upon which she insisted was that I should know her better before I made her my wife. What could I know that would not increase my love and deepen my admiration for her character? Moreover, I was so situated in life as to consult only my own will in the matter of marriage. I had no relatives except a maiden aunt, whom I had not seen for years; no interested friends to consult or ask advice from; no former entanglements to worry me. My fortune was quite sufficient to support a wife in comfort, if not in luxury, and I wanted Agnes to bring me no other dowry than her own sweet self. So, I repeat, on that pleasant journey eastward I looked upon my fair companion as my affianced bride.

The welcome that I received at her father's house was cordial in the extreme. The family I found to consist of four members besides Agnes—the father, the mother, a son of twenty or thereabouts, and an unmarried sister of Mrs. Dean, familiarly known as Caroline, but called by me Miss Masters. Mr. Dean was a very jolly, round-faced man, blessed with a good temper and a good appetite. His wife was small, nervous, and an invalid. John, the son, took the burden of the farm pretty much on his own shoulders, and impressed me from the first as being alike capable, modest and trustworthy. As for Miss Masters, I should have liked her better had she talked more. Her silence was something unparalleled in my experience of womankind. She would sit for hours listening to the conversation of others, and never once open her mouth. When directly addressed, she made answer either by a nod of her head or in monosyllables. What made her silence more unendurable was the intense interest she seemed to take in everything that was said. One saw by her face that she was not speaking, but that if a stranger would naturally pause to give her the opportunity, but the words never came. Her lips would move, and her eyes sometimes brighten, but articulation seemed too much for her. She made me nervous.

Despite Miss Masters, however, the Dean household appeared to me united and happy. As I have said, my welcome was of a most cordial nature. Agnes' letters had so far familiarized the family with my name that from the first I was regarded as an old acquaintance. Nor was the slightest objection offered to the relationship which had sprung up between us. It seemed to be tacitly understood that I was the girl's accepted suitor, and that our union was already a matter of certainty.

I took up my abode in the little tavern—the only one in the town—which stood about three-quarters of a mile from the Dean farm. Devoting myself to the pleasant task of learning all I could about my future wife, I naturally spent the greater share of my time in her company. And, as I had confidently predicted, the more I knew of Agnes Dean the more devotedly I loved her. At the end of a month I pressed my suit so urgently that I was rewarded at last with the promise which had been half given before. We were strolling together along the winding path which ran through a stretch of woods, when Agnes said, plucking a leaf to pieces:

"You are sure you know your own mind?"

For the hundredth time I told her I was sure.

"And it will make you really happy if I say yes?"

"The very happiest man in the world!"

The rich color came into her face, and her glorious eyes riveted themselves upon the torn leaf. Then she added in a sweet whisper:

"Yes!"

What followed that declaration can be of no possible interest to the reader. Enough that the glory of the September day filled us both with a calm delight which we could not explain. Enough that we wandered on, hand-in-hand, too glad for speech, too full of love for thought. It was not until we had turned in our walk and set our faces towards the farmhouse that Agnes said:

"I feel now, more than ever, that there is one thing which you should know. Often have I been on the point of telling you ——"

"My darling," I interrupted, "I want to hear nothing which is unpleasant for you to tell. I ask for no confessions. I don't care a snap of my finger for any secret you may have. My faith in you is so implicit—my love is so absorbing—that I am content to take you just as you are. Nay, more—I prefer that you shall keep the past to yourself, so that I may prove my absolute confidence in you by marrying you without seeking to possess the knowledge you are willing to impart."

She looked into my face and smiled, half thankfully, half regretfully, as if she still felt it her duty to speak.

"But, my dear," she persisted, "this is something you ought to know—something I ought to have told you a long time ago."

"And yet you confess that it is something unpleasant!"

"Yes, it is unpleasant; but ——"

"But," And so the matter ended.

Another two weeks passed most delightfully. Agnes' words left no shadow of suspicion in my mind; but I am free to confess that one or two trivial circumstances, occurring within this fortnight, awakened some vague misgivings. The first of these was the conversation I held with Mr. Dean on the day after our engagement. He gave his consent at once, expressed his pleasure at the turn which affairs had taken, and assured me, with a sincerity not to be mistaken, that he should be proud of such a son-in-law. Then he hesitated, looked embarrassed, and added:

"There oughtn't to be any secrets from you now, Mr. Niles. I suppose that Agnes has told you ——"

"Mr. Dean," I interrupted, "Agnes has told me everything that I care to know."

His rosy face looked very much relieved at these words. He shook my hand and reiterated his good wishes. And so I left him, without the remotest idea of what the secret was to which he had alluded.

A day or two later I entered the farm-house unannounced, as I was in the habit of doing, and made my way to the sitting-room at the end of the hall. This apartment was the pleasantest in the house, and the one most frequently occupied by the family. Just as I opened the door I heard a sudden exclamation of surprise, and the closing of a second door, which led from the sitting-room into the parlor. When I entered the room, Agnes and her mother were standing at one of the windows. They turned and greeted me, but I could not fail to notice that their manner was singularly constrained and embarrassed. No mention was made of the withdrawal of any third person, although I was certain that somebody had hurried out of the room upon my approach. While I was endeavoring to account for Agnes' confusion, Miss Masters entered, bowed silently, and then surprised me by speaking:

"I was obliged to run away upon your entrance, Mr. Niles. It was impolite, but I was in deshabille."

She had never spoken so many words before in my presence. I was, therefore, the more puzzled at this voluntary explanation of what appeared to me a very trivial matter. Agnes and her mother, however, seemed to be greatly relieved at Miss Masters' apology.

Perhaps I should have attached no particular significance either to this episode or to Mr. Dean's words, had it not been for a scrap of conversation which I chanced to overhear in the tavern. I was sitting one morning in the little public parlor reading a letter which had been brought to me at breakfast. The door leading into the office and barroom was ajar. The landlord and a villager were talking together in the latter apartment, and, ignorant of my presence, they spoke so that I could not help hearing them.

"So he's going to marry her, is he?" asked the villager.

"Yes. He as good as told me that when he first came here," replied the landlord.

"Well, he seems like a decent fellow, and Agnes Dean is a very nice girl. But does he know ——"

"That's the curious part of it," interrupted the landlord. "I don't believe they've told him a word about it."

"Maybe if he knew he wouldn't want to marry into the family."

"Maybe not!"

Here the conversation turned upon other matters, and I was left to conjecture as best I could what was meant by the words I had overheard. The more I thought of them the more uneasy I grew. Putting all the circumstances together of which I have spoken—Agnes' own words, her father's evident relief when I told him that I knew all I cared to know, the scene in the sitting-room, and, above all, the conversation I had just overheard—these things, as I have said, began to fill my mind with vague misgivings. Plainly there was some mystery connected with Agnes Dean—a mystery of such common fame as to be known to the landlord of the tavern and to the gossiping villagers. And yet a mystery which I had stubbornly refused to have revealed to me. My first impulse was to go out and demand of the landlord an explanation of the words I had heard; but a moment's reflection convinced me that this would be unjust to Agnes and unworthy of myself. I had refused to listen to a confession from her own lips; how base it would be to seek the information from the lips of a stranger. Then I resolved to go to Agnes herself and ask her what it meant. But here love and pride struggled with my misgivings, and won the victory. To demand of her now what I had persistently refused when she voluntarily offered to tell me, would be to confess that suspicion had taken root in my breast, and that my faith in her was shaken. I regretted, sincerely enough, my refusal to listen to her confession in the first place; but, having adopted that course, I determined now to hold to it steadfastly. I would ask for no explanations from anybody.

It was the next morning, I remember aright, that, returning from an early walk, I passed a man on the road whose face struck me at once as familiar. He was of short and stocky stature, poorly dressed, and with much the general appearance of a tramp, I got but a momentary glance at his face, but that was enough. In spite of the stubby growth of black whiskers which had come upon his chin, I recognized him as the gentleman who had done his best to put a sudden end to my earthly career. In other words, the dust-covered wayfarer on Ohio road was none other than Mr. Jake Dowling, the Bulldog.

It was fortunate for me, perhaps, that Mr. Dowling did not recognize me as the recipient of one of his leaden mementoes. Otherwise, he might have put a second bullet into my head with more effect even than he did the first.

When I got back to the tavern I began to consider whether I ought not invoke the law to aid me in putting a muzzle on the Bulldog. Here was certainly a singular coincidence that I should have run across the man in that out-of-the-way little village—if it was a coincidence at all. Possibly Mr. Dowling had an object in visiting the town, and possibly that object was to complete the job which he had undertaken in Denver. He might have traveled all that distance for the sole purpose of killing me, and in that case it would, perhaps, be well to use some precautionary means to prevent him from carrying out his project. I determined at last to drive over to the farmhouse and consult with Agnes about the matter.

I have spoken o. my walk that morning as an early one. It was, in fact, taken before breakfast. When I returned I smoked my pipe in the tavern piazza, talked a while with the landlord, and finally set out for the farmhouse at a quarter before ten. I had made arrangements to call for Agnes at two o'clock that afternoon—we were to drive to the little lake nine miles distant and return in the evening—but the unexpected meeting of the Bulldog afforded, I thought, sufficient excuse for making a morning visit. The Dean house, as I think I have somewhere before told you, stood about three-quarters of a mile from the village of the tavern. The route, somewhat shortened by cutting through a piece of woods which adjoined the farm. On the morning in question I chose this route, not so much to save distance as to avoid the dust and heat of the public highway. I had reached a point about midway in the woods, and where the footpath took a sharp turn, skirting some big, moss-covered boulders, whereon Agnes and I often sat—I had reached this point, I say, when the sound of voices broke upon my ear. I stopped short and listened. I could distinguish no words, but the silvery ring of one of the voices told me plainly enough that it was a woman's. I took a step forward, and in so doing brought the footpath within the range of my vision. What I saw had before shut it out. Again I stopped, this time with a sense of sudden pain, as if a knife had entered my heart. For there, under an elm not fifty feet away—there, with her golden-brown hair catching the rays of sunlight which pierced the foliage above, with her broad-brimmed hat thrown back on her shoulders and her graceful figure outlined against the dark trunk of the tree—there, with one hand resting upon a man's shoulder, stood Agnes Dean! Her face was turned partly from me and her eyes were fixed upon the man. The man! My gaze riveted itself upon him—upon his villainous face, his short, stocky figure, his dust-covered garments. Great God! was this deception to overwhelm me to the end? Had the wretch who had shot me through the head standing there with Agnes' hand upon his shoulder? No, it was no phantom. I saw it all with terrible distinctness. Even had I not met him on the road that very morning I should have known him. And Agnes—the woman whose love was dearer to me far than life—there she stood, gazing tenderly into the scoundrel's face, resting her hand trustfully upon *his* shoulder!

By some strange chance neither of them saw me. Another instant and I had stepped back behind the boulder. My heart was beating now so loudly that I thought they must hear it. I trembled violently all over, and the perspiration stood out in great beads upon my brow. I longed to rush to my duty, but something seemed to hold me to the accursed spot. Stealthily, as if I had been the guilty one, I crept forward and fed my misery by looking at them again. I saw her shake her gold-crowned head and I heard her silvery laugh ring upon the air. Then I saw her bend over and kiss his forehead. I could stand no more. Springing back, I turned and fled from the woods. Yes, like a hunted animal I fled—blindly, madly making my way to the tavern, where I shut myself up in my room, and, still like a wild animal, began to pace the floor.

This, then, was the horrible secret. This was the confession to which I had turned a deaf ear, scorning to doubt the woman whom I loved. Some mysterious bond bound Agnes to the dastard who had attempted my life. She dared to meet him alone in the woods, to laugh merrily at his words, to kiss his brow. The mere memory of what I had seen drove me almost mad. How long I paced the room, feeding upon the most bitterest thoughts that ever rent my breast, I do not know. A servant came to announce dinner. I told her gruffly that I wanted nothing to eat. At last I collected my thoughts sufficiently to determine upon two things: first, to sit down and write to the woman who had so basely deceived me; and second, to get away from the village as soon as I could. Finding some little relief in the necessity of immediate action, I seated myself at once and began the letter. I resolved to make it brief, and to spare her feelings as far as that was possible. It was two o'clock when I took up the pen. At six I could take the train for the East. This would give me time to pack my luggage and to make the few preparations necessary for my departure. I made half a dozen beginnings to the letter, and tore up as many sheets of paper. I had just taken a fresh start, when, glancing out of the window, I saw the old-fashioned phaeton which belonged to Mr. Dean draw up at the piazza. The next moment Agnes alighted. She caught sight of me at the window, swung the blue scarf she carried in her hand, and, without waiting for further ceremony, bounded up the stairs and knocked vigorously at my door. What could I do except respond to her summons? Crumpling the sheet of paper in my hand, I opened the door.

"Is this the way you keep your engagements?" she demanded, gayly. Then, noticing my face, she added in a more serious tone: "Why, Nicholas, are you ill?"

"I am sick at heart," I answered, and sank into a chair.

In a moment she was at my side, her arms twining about my neck and her moist lips kissing my hot brow.

"What is it, love? Tell me. I have a right to know!"

And with a mighty effort I did tell her—told her all, in as few words as I could and without reproach or upbraiding. She listened breathless, her fair face changing color many times. And when I had done she said simply:

"My love, you have been cruelly deceived. Come, and it shall be made plain to you!"

She took me by the hand, and I followed her, unresistingly, to the carriage. I got in, and she seated herself by my side. Not a word was spoken on the way to the farm. When we drew up at the door I again followed her through the hall and into the well-known sitting-room. There she whispered something in Miss Masters' ear, and, beckoning me to still follow, they led the way to a room in the second story. Miss Masters drew out a key, unlocked the door, and silently motioned for me to enter. I did so, followed by Agnes and her aunt. The apartment was large and pleasant, with four windows, two looking towards the East and two towards the South. Seated at one of these windows was a woman, who rose as I entered and came towards me with a glad smile. Was this, too, a phantom? Surely I might doubt my own senses, for there, before me, was another Agnes Dean! The same deep, violet eyes, the same wavy tresses of golden-brown hair, the same graceful figure and lithesomeness of movement. I looked from one to the other in speechless amazement. The phantom Agnes—for so I regarded her—came directly to my side, laid one hand upon my shoulder, echoed the silvery laugh that I had heard in the woods, and then suddenly bent forward and kissed my brow, as I had seen her bend and kiss the brow of Mr. Jake Dowling, the Bulldog!

"There, Nellie," said Miss Masters, taking the phantom Agnes by the hand and leading her gently to a seat, "that will do. This is Mr. Niles, a friend of the family. Mr. Niles, this is Miss Helen Dean, the twin sister of Agnes!"

That was all that was said in the chamber. When Agnes and I had returned to the sitting-room she took my hand in hers and made the confession which I had prevented her from making before. Very briefly may that confession be repeated here: Helen Dean, Agnes' twin sister, had been of weak intellect from her birth. She had grown more and more unmanageable until it was necessary to keep her confined to her room. Miss Masters had devoted her life to the care of the unfortunate girl, and, in spite of the constant watchfulness required, the family refused to confine her in an asylum. Helen's insanity took a turn not uncommon in such cases, and she believed that by kissing the brow of a person she could absolve him from all sin. On that memorable morning she had made her escape from her room, wandered into the woods, and met with Dowling, whom she had never seen before. Fortunately, her absence was discovered, and she was rescued from the villain before she had suffered any outrage at his hands. This was the secret. It was Helen to whom Agnes had referred when she offered to tell me all; it was Helen who had troubled the good-natured Mr. Dean; it was Helen who had been hurried out of the sitting-room upon my approach; it was Helen who had formed the subject of the conversation I overheard in the barroom.

And what happened when Agnes told me all? What should have happened except to fold her to my breast, to swear again my love, and, in good time, to marry her? Nothing but this, I think, should have happened. Nothing else, I know, did happen.

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

Fourth-of-July Song.

DEDICATED TO MR. W. W. DAVIS AND CHUMS OF U. S. S. ALERT.

BY J. K. JOHNSON.

All hail to the light of the glorious morning
Our fathers and mothers resolved to be free,
And gave to this nation the liberty warning,
In fond thunder-tones that were heard o'er the sea.
They sought not the favor of proud-ruling Britain,
Nor feared the resentment of any foreign king;
The cause that they served, and for which they were smitten,
Forbade them in weakness to tremble or cower.

They spurned the assistance their profligate mother
Would give at the price of submission and shame,
And dared, without help from a friend or a brother,
To strike for their freedom, their honor and fame.
But when he that ruled them beheld the commotion,
And saw that they would not obey at his word,
His soldiers and sailors were sent o'er the ocean,
To enforce submission by cannon and sword.

From North to the South, in defense of the nation,
Undaunted and fearless our forefathers stood;
While the demon of war spread around desolation,
It bathed our dear country in patriots' blood. [tion—
Long and bravely they fought for their country's salva-
They scattered the hosts of the tyrant in flight,
Unmoved by the sight of their homes' desecration,
They trusted in Heaven and triumphed at last.

And now, in remembrance of that blessed morning
When Liberty spoke in the cannon's deep roar,
We meet to exult o'er its glorious dawning,
And praise the great men who led on in the van—
To hear with delight the recital of those patriot deeds,
The patience, the constancy, wisdom and faith,
Which kept their hearts true to the flag streaming o'er us,
And saved freedom's cause from destruction and death.

Nice as Pie.

WRITTEN BY HARRY ANGELO, AND DEDICATED TO THE PASTOR.

Ofttimes we're told that talk is cheap,
But cash it takes to buy;
And that, you know's, a wonder great
Beneath this world we're under.
Folks nowadays without the stamps
Are like a well that's dry;
But folks with stamps are the people full,
Of course, are nice as pie.
Chorus.—Good gracious me, just look and see—
Don't let the chance slip by;
Possess the cash and cut a dash,
Then you'll be nice as pie.

Our office-seekers, nowadays,
To get a place in ring,
Must come out heavy with the stamps,
And do the handsome thing;
And, when election day comes round,
To win your votes they'll try,
By shaking hands with all they meet,
And talking soft as pie.
Chorus.—Good gracious me, etc.

A young miss new to catch a beau
Will put on numerous airs,
But if she finds a chap
She savage at him stares;
A young man now to win a lass
Must hold out his hand up high,
Draw out moustache and curl his locks,
Then talk as nice as pie.
Chorus.—Good gracious me, etc.

'Tis said that poverty's no crime—
Quite true, that all may be;
But wealth is a convenient thing,
That very well you know.
The mighty dollar'll see you through
And raise you some level;
No question's asked now how 'twas got—
You're just as nice as pie.
Chorus.—Good gracious me, etc.

Tell Me that Story Again, Maggie.

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. MUSIC BY CHAS. PRIOR.

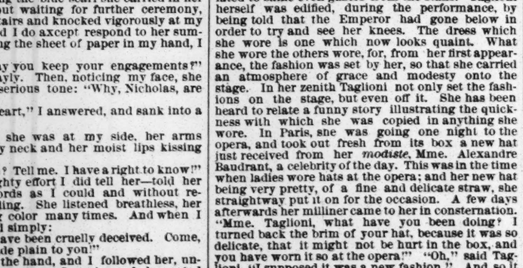
Come, tell me that story again, Maggie;
Come, whisper it softly to me,
The same as you did when the robins were hid
'Mong the leaves on the sycamore-tree.
You called me your darling, your own, Maggie;
You said that you knew I was true,
And each tender caress made my heart-strings thrill stirred,
For my heart it was throbbing for you.
Chorus.—Come, tell me that story again, Maggie;
Come, tell me softly to me,
The same as you did when the robins were hid
'Mong the leaves on the sycamore-tree.

Come, tell me that story again, Maggie,
Come, kiss me, my darling, once more,
That I may be sure those sweet lips are a cure
For a heart that is pining and sore.
You said that you loved only me, Maggie,
And now I can feel it is so;
But whisper to me what you said 'neath the tree,
And then I will kiss you and go.

Taglioni's Skirt.

Mme. Taglioni's horror of the wreath of tulle which the ballet-dancer of the present day wears around the skirt is not unreasonable, if it be only in the cause of modesty, but of art, that she objects to the fashion. It may well be asked whether anything more ugly and offering a greater offense to the beauty of the human form could be invented. Mme. Taglioni would not find it so hard to approve the fashion if it were only indecorous, instead of being ugly as well, although she herself was never persuaded to wear a petticoat which would show her knee. She has been audacious enough to dance in feminine modesty and fascinating as feminine immodesty, her creed being that the very foundation of the art of dancing is never to forget one's sex, as so many dancers do. Once, at Milan, an Austrian gentleman, to whom she had been introduced, approached, when calling upon her made this pathetic appeal: "Oh! Mme. Taglioni, will you excuse my asking you whether it would not be possible to have your skirts made a little shorter?" Madame replied by another question: "Are you to ask your wife that question?" "No," he answered. "If you were married, would you like to see your wife or your daughters in such short dresses?" "Why, no." "Well," said madame, "I dance not for you, but for wives and daughters." It was upon the one occasion when Taglioni was dancing, someone told the Emperor Nicholas that it was impossible to see her knee. He was so surprised that he left his box and went down into the stalls in order to try and catch a glimpse of it. But he was disappointed; it was impossible, the dancer's dress was well calculated to baffle even gazers from the stalls. Taglioni herself was edified, during the performance, by being told that the Emperor had gone below in order to try and see her knees. The dress which she wore is one which now looks quaint. What she wore the others wore, for, from her first appearance, the fashion was set by her, so that she carried an atmosphere of grace and modesty onto the stage. In her zenith Taglioni not only set the fashions on the stage, but even off it. She has been heard to relate a funny story illustrating the quickness with which she was copied in anything she wore. In Paris, she was going one night to the opera, and took out fresh from its box a new hat just received from her *modiste*, Mme. Alexandre Baudrant, a celebrity of the day. This was in the time when ladies wore hats at the opera; and her new hat being very pretty, of a fine and delicate straw, she straightway put it on for the occasion. A few days afterwards her milliner came to her in consternation. "Mme. Taglioni, what have you been doing? I turned back the brim of your hat, because it was so delicate, that it might not be hurt in the box, and you have worn it so at the opera!" "Oh," said Taglioni, "I supposed it was a new fashion." And so it was, Taglioni having worn it; next week all the ladies went to the opera with hats turned back at the brim.

THRO' THE DARK.



This striking scene is taken from an entirely new and original drama entitled "Through the Dark, or the Afghan Hoodlums' Search for Charley Ross." Part of this title may occur to you as having been used before—but we are confident that it was never applied so pertinently as in this connection. We cannot vouch for the successful issue of the search; but so far as the darkness is concerned, these artists will certainly get through it with skill and grace. They may be called flowers of the profession — the rose, for example. Not the white rose, nor the red rose, but the neg-roes. [We gave this joke to Artemus Ward years ago, but it is really original with us.]

THE TURF.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—To correspondents who report sporting matters only a card of a LIGHT-BLUE COLOR, having printed diagonally across its face in RED INK *"For Sporting News Only,"* and otherwise precisely like the credentials recently held by our amusement correspondents, will be issued. These will bear date of March 1, 1879, and be good for eight months, expiring Nov. 1. They will *not* be good for admission to theatres or other like places of amusement.

THE CHICAGO RACES.

The inaugural meeting of the Chicago (Ill.) Jockey and Trotting Club, postponed from Saturday, commenced on Monday, June 23, when the going was good and the number within the inclosure large. The initial event was a dash of a mile and a quarter, for all ages, purse $300, which resulted in the success of A. A. Baker's W. L. Mintzer (formerly Garrowen), who sold in the field for a song, the favorite, King Faro, not getting a place. Edinburgh led at first, at the stand Lottery was four lengths in front, and the latter kept in the van, though by constantly decreasing distance after passing the quarter-pole, until the homestretch was reached, when it was nip-and-tuck between a half-dozen, Mintzer finally showing in front within the distance, and winning by a length; Virgilian second and Bill Bass third. Time, 2:16¼..... The second event was the Grand Pacific Hotel Stake, for two-year old colts, $50 each, $600 added, three-quarters of a mile, which had six starters, the favorite, Kimball, winning by a half length from Lake Blackburn. Kimball took the lead from Grinstead's Waverly at the half-mile, and he and Blackburn had a hot race up the homestretch. Wargentine was four lengths behind Blackburn. Time, 1:18¾.....There were four starters for the Illinois Derby, for three-year-old colts, $50 entrance, $1,000 added, a mile and a half. Good-night led at first, but going around the turn Buckner took first place, and at the stand was four lengths in front of Lord Murphy, which advantage he increased to six lengths at the quarter-pole, and, though at entering the homestretch he was lapped by Murphy, the race went to Buckner by three lengths. Time, 2:45¾. Good-night was eight lengths behind Murphy, Joe Rowett a very poor fourth.....

The sport for the day closed with a hurdle race for all ages, welter weights, $350 added, mile heats, four hurdles, seven starting. The first heat was won by Joe Rhodes by three lengths, and the second and third by Raven; Rhodes second, Redding third. Time, 1:54¾, 1:54¾, 2:01¾.

The second day was bright and warm. There were an excellent track and a good attendance. The Ladies' Stake, for two-year-old fillies, $50 entrance, half forfeit, club to add $600, three-quarters of a mile dash, was contested by Waterford, Modena, Blondina, By-and-bye and an unnamed chestnut filly entered by Philip Warren. After an exciting race, in which By-and-bye and Moderator were neck-and-neck until near the finish, By-and-bye, the favorite, crossed the line first. Time, 1:18¾. Moderator was second and Blondina third.....The next race was the Illinois Oaks, for three-year-old fillies, $50 entrance, half forfeit, $1,000 added, one and one-half mile dash. Grinstead's Liatunah was the favorite at $75 to $50 over the field. The other starters were Claudia, Lillian, Baldwin's Jennie B., Martin's Experiment, Florence B., Bonnie Carrie, Maggie May and Omega. This was the most exciting event of the day. Liatunah had a clear lead for the first mile, when Claudia and Experiment contested with her on the last turn, but on the homestretch Liatunah made a gallant rush for the lead, and came in two lengths ahead; Claudia second, Experiment third. Time, 2:40¾.....The third and last race was for all ages, mile heats, purse $400. The starters were Bosworth, Shortline, L'Argentine, Florence Payne, Bowstring, Mollie Merrill, Incommode and Wah-ta-wah. In the betting Incommode was a slight favorite over L'Argentine and Shortline, and took the race, winning the first and third heats, L'Argentine winning the second. Wah-ja-wah was third in the first heat, and Florence Payne third in the second heat. In the first heat the struggle between Incommode and L'Argentine was exciting, especially on the homestretch. The second heat was taken by L'Argentine by half a length. Incommode took the third heat without difficulty. Time, 1:46¾, 1:45¼, 1:47.

The number present on the third day was estimated at ten thousand. The first event was a selling race, $300, one and one-eighth-mile dash. The starters were Williams' Checkmate, McDaniel's Bennett and Lillian, Pelnes' Kilborn, Ryan's Nettie King, Mulkey's Pomeroy, Rice's Mattagorda, and Brien & Spencer's Sam Eckert. The horses got away in a bunch, Egypt leading, Pomeroy second. Checkmate, the favorite, was several lengths behind, but at the quarter pole he began to improve, and, being let out,

STATEN ISLAND vs. NEWARK.

For some years past Newark has been without a cricket club. Like the manufacturing city of Paterson, Newark has hundreds of old Nottingham, Sheffield, Yorkshire and other English county cricketers in its midst, and, with a first-class inclosed cricket ground at command, there would have been no difficulty in keeping up the reputation for cricket which the old club of some fifteen years ago used to give Newark. The days when Wheatcraft, Warner, the Elversons, Hallis, Petty, Jefferson, and all the "old boys" of Newark's best cricket days used to trouble the best clubs to beat them, could surely be renewed by the younger element now at command. At any rate, Mr. Frank Satterthwaite seems to have been of that opinion, and he, with some others who have coincided in his views, have reorganized the old Newark Club under new auspices, and on June 26 they played their first game of the season and of the new club, their opponents being a strong team of the Staten Island Club—in fact, that club's second eleven. Frank had an idea that the Staten Island match committee would give his newly-organized club "a show"—that is, put an eleven in the field that would give the Newarkers a chance to escape a bad defeat; but he forgot that the Staten Island gentlemen had not yet got over their defeat by the Young Columbias—a result alleged to be caused by placing too weak a team against the boys; and so, when the Newark party arrived on the Staten Island field, they found opposed a regular second eleven, to be sure; but it was not a Columbia-day eleven, by any manner of means, and the result was that Frank indulged in a little characteristic "kicking," as the ballplayers call it, and complained of the Staten Islanders not giving his club a show. Now, inasmuch as there was not Harvey, Moore, Rance, Sprague, Kessler, Lee, Donald, Stevens, Ronaldson, Jones, or Lorne in the team—all these being the Island first eleven—we do not see that Frank had any legitimate grounds for complaint. The home-club had out a regular second eleven, and that, too, with "nary a revolver in it"—yes, there was one more than we thought of, and that was all the Newarkers could expect. It was far better to make a good show against a good team such as they had opposed to them than to win against a weak team.

The game proved to be an interesting one, especially to the Islanders, and some very good cricket was exhibited on both sides. The Island team went in first, and before Hallis, Satterthwaite and Walters could get rid of them they had run up the good total of 143, of which J. Eyre contributed the top score of 42, a total Maynard will find it hard to beat. Irving and Roberts added 25 each, and Dodge a dozen. The extras assisted to the tune of 30, of which 19 were wides. The Newarkers then went in to get square, but when their tenth wicket fell they had scored but 63, of which Borie contributed 20 and W. Knight a dozen. This obliged them to follow their inning, and in their second inning they were all put out for 56, of which Walters, the old baseball pitcher of the Mutual Club, made 12, and Frank Satterthwaite 10. Bavard appears to have done the most mischief in bowling, he taking nine of the Newark wickets.

STATEN ISLAND—SECOND ELEVEN.

Dodge b. Satterthwaite...	12	Haughton b. Hallis.....	0
Outerbridge c. Ponier b Hallis.....	5	Irving, not out.....	25
Eyre c. Breintnell b. Satterthwaite	42	Woolston c. Satterthwaite b. Walters.....	2
Wylie b. Hallis.....	4	Moore l. b. w. b. Satterthwaite.....	1
Davidge b. Hallis.....	0	Byes, 7; l. b., 4; wides, 19	30
Bayard c. Borie b. Satterthwaite.....	0	Total.....	143

First Inning.		NEWARK.	Second Inning.
Satterthwaite c. Eyre b. Haughton.....	8	c. Woolston b. Bayard...	10
Williams b. Bayard.....	6	b. Eyre.....	7
W. Knight b. Bayard.....	12	c. Wylie b. Bayard.....	5
Orton c. Haughton b. Bayard	2	b. Eyre.....	0
Borie, run out.....	20	c. Wylie b. Eyre.....	5
Walters b. Bayard.....	2	c. Thomas b. Bayard....	12
Hallis, run out.....	1	c. Thomas b. Bayard.....	0
H. Knight b. Roberts....	1	c. Woolston b. Bayard...	8
Pomier c. Roberts b. Eyre.	9	Eyre, not out.....	1
Brien'l c. Wylie b. Eyre..	0	not out.....	0
Mills, not out.....	0	c. Irving b. Bayard.....	0
Byes, 5; l. b., 1; w., 5..	11	Byes, 2; l. b., 1; w., 4....	7
Total.....	63	Total.....	56

MERION vs. DORIAN.

Dorian stock was at a premium, and Merion paper had declined in the Philadelphia cricket market. The cause was a startling surprise-party given the Merions on June 26 by the Dorians on the field at Ardmore, Pa., which the Merions, as a Cockney would say, found the field in question more "'ard" than usual. How the surprise was managed is thus told: One inning and ten runs tell the tale of disaster in brief. How the game was won can also be as briefly told. Superior batting, bowling and fielding did the work, and did it thoroughly. The play of the Haverford collegians, as a whole, was quite equal to anything witnessed this season, and the victory they achieved was well earned in every respect. The display of batting on their part was the poorest of the three departments of the game, and still they managed to get 90 runs against the best bowling the Merions have at their command; and it was quite up to the average yesterday, Lowry and Newkirk getting double figures in good style. It was the bowling and fielding, however, which was the treat. Lowry and Newkirk beat the opposing batsmen at will, and with the exception of Fox, who played a couple of clever innings, not a single man seemed to be able to get the hang of it at all. Three errors alone—a missed catch at the wicket, a bye and a passed ball—marred an otherwise perfect fielding game. The score in full of this fine game is as follows:

First Innings.		MERION.	Second Inning.
Haines c. Mason b. Lowry.	3	b. Lowry.....	6
Huston c. sub. b. Lowry..	5	c. Lowry b. Newkirk....	0
Ashbridge c. Mason b. Lowry.....	1	b. Newkirk.....	3
F. L. Baily b. Lowry....	1	b. Lowry.....	2
Law c. sub. b. Lowry....	3	c. Sheppard b. Newkirk..	4
J. B. Thayer Jr. c. Thomas b. Lowry.....	7	c. and b. Lowry.....	1
Fox c. Thomas b. Newkirk.	14	not out.....	14
Sayres c. sub. b. Newkirk.	1	c. Mason b. Newkirk.....	5
A. L. Bailey, not out....	0	c. Thomas b. Lowry.....	0
G. Thayer l. b. w. b. Newkirk.....	0	l. b. w. b. Lowry.....	4
Morris b. Newkirk.....	2	c. Mason b. Newkirk....	0
Byes, 1; l. b., 1; w., 1....	3	Wide.....	1
Total.....	40	Total.....	40

DORIAN.—First Inning.			
Carey b. Law.....	7	Shepley, run out.....	8
Vail b. b. Law.....	7	Henderson b. Law.....	3
Corbit b. Fox.....	9	Jones, not out.....	0
Mason b. Fox.....	8	Thomas b. Fox.....	3
Lowry b. Fox.....	15	Leg-byes.....	5
Sheppard b. J. Thayer....	7		
Newkirk b. Law.....	20	Total.....	90

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

MERION.										
First Inning.....	9	10	10	14	14	35	36	37	38	40
Second Inning.....	0	6	8	11	12	13	17	24	38	40
DORIAN										
First Inning.....	27	30	31	35	47	60	84	84	87	90

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

DORIAN—First Inning.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Lowry.....	66	17	4	6
Newkirk.....	58	20	3	4
Second Inning.				
Lowry.....	66	22	3	5
Newkirk.....	57	29	2	5
MERION—First Inning.				
Fox.....	106	30	7	3
Law.....	120	32	7	2
J. B. Thayer.....	36	12	2	2
F. L. Bailey.....	18	13		

Wides—Newkirk, 2.

BASEBALL.

PROVIDENCE vs. BOSTON.

The first game of the season between the above-titled nines was played on June 24, at Boston, Mass., in the presence of 1,500 people. The Providence players led off with two earned runs on singles by O'Rourke, Hines and McGeary, and a two-bagger by Geo. Wright; and Snyder, by sharp throws, captured a couple of men napping on the bases in this inning. The Bostons scored their only run in the second inning on a missed third-strike and poor throw by Brown. The Providences increased their lead in the fifth and sixth innings, a fumble by Houck, a passed ball by Snyder, and single-bases by O'Rourke, McGeary, Hague and Ward then yielding two more runs. O'Rourke's batting and base-play and Snyder's catching were noteworthy.

PROVIDENCE.	T. R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T. R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
O'Rourke, lb.	1	1	10	1	0	Jones, l. f....	0	1	2	0	0
Hines, c. f....	5	0	2	1	1	Houck, s. s....	0	0	1	3	2
McGeary, 2b.	5	0	2	1	1	Hawes, r. f....	0	0	1	1	0
Wright, s. s.	5	0	2	1	3	O'Rourke, c. f.	1	1	1	2	0
York, l. f....	4	0	1	2	0	Snyder, c....	0	2	8	2	1
Brown, c....	4	0	0	7	0	Burdock, 2b.	0	3	1	1	1
Hague, 3d b.	2	2	1	1	0	Morrill, 1st b	0	1	10	0	0
Ward, p....	4	0	1	5	0	Foley, p....	0	0	0	3	0
Math'ws, r. f.	4	1	0	2	0	Sutton, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	1
Totals...	40	4	12	27	13	4	Totals...	1	7	27	15	4

Providence.....	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0—4
Boston.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs—Providence, 2. Two-base hit—Wright. Three-base hit—Hines. First-base on balls—Houck, O'Rourke. First-base on errors—Providence, 1; Boston, 1. Double-plays—O'Rourke and Hague, Houck and Morrill, Burdock and Morrill. Passed ball—Snyder 1. Umpire, Ferguson. Time, 2h.

WORCESTER vs. HOLYOKE.

The Worcester and Holyoke teams played an exhibition game at Worcester, Mass., on June 23, in the presence of about five hundred spectators. Richmond's pitching puzzled the Holyokes' hard hitters, the "Big Four" failing to touch him, Dorgan alone hitting him with any effect, and he was credited with four out of their seven safe hits. Knight and Irwin did the best batting for the home-nine. The game was an exciting one, requiring ten innings to decide it. The Worcesters made three runs in the last inning by splendid batting.

WORCESTER.	T. R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	HOLYOKE.	T. R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Bennett, c. f.	2	0	1	0	0	Dorgan, c....	1	2	10	4	0
Knight, r. f.	3	1	3	2	1	Holyoke, s. s.	0	1	1	3	0
Richmond, p.	0	0	1	0	1	Connor, 3b....	0	1	0	4	0
Irwin, 3b....	1	0	1	3	1	Gillespie, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Gardner, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0	Ellick, 2b....	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, 2b.	0	2	2	1	0	Whitney, p....	0	0	0	0	0
Gillespie, l. f.	0	1	1	0	1	Hankins'n, l. f	0	0	0	0	0
Whiting, 1b.	0	0	9	0	0	Barnes, r. f....	0	0	0	0	0
Mansell, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1	Hotaling, 1b....	0	0	9	0	1
Totals...	7	4	18	12	4	Totals...	1	4	27	11	2

Worcester.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1—3
Holyoke.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Worcester, 2. Two-base hits—Richmond, Irwin. First base on balls—Worcester, 2; Holyoke, 3. Struck out—Worcester, 3; Holyoke, 3. Passed balls—Winslow, 5; Dorgan, 2. Umpire, Henry Murphy. Time, 2h. 45m.

PROVIDENCE vs. BOSTON.

The Providences outbatted and outfielded the Bostons, when they played their second championship game on June 25, at Providence, R. I. The ground was in a miserable condition, in consequence of a heavy shower just before play commenced, and the ball was difficult to handle. The Bostons scored their two runs in the second inning on a missed third-strike and poor throw by Brown. The Providences increased their lead in the fifth and sixth innings, a fumble by Houck, a passed ball by Snyder, and single-bases by O'Rourke, McGeary, Hague and Ward then yielding two more runs. O'Rourke's batting and base-play and Snyder's catching were noteworthy.

PROVIDENCE.	T. R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T. R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
O'Rourke, lb.	1	1	10	1	0	Jones, l. f....	0	1	2	0	0
Hines, c. f....	5	0	2	1	1	Houck, s. s....	0	0	1	3	2
McGeary, 2b.	5	0	2	1	1	Hawes, r. f....	0	0	1	1	0
Wright, s. s.	5	0	2	1	3	O'Rourke, c. f.	1	1	1	2	0
York, l. f....	4	0	1	2	0	Snyder, c....	0	2	8	2	1
Brown, c....	4	0	0	7	0	Burdock, 2b.	0	3	1	1	1
Hague, 3d b.	2	2	1	1	0	Morrill, 1st b	0	1	10	0	0
Ward, p....	4	0	1	5	0	Foley, p....	0	0	0	3	0
Math'ws, r. f.	4	1	0	2	0	Sutton, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	1
Totals...	40	4	12	27	13	4	Totals...	1	7	27	15	4

Providence.....	2	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0—4
Boston.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs—Providence, 2. Two-base hit—Wright. Three-base hit—Hines. First-base on balls—Houck, O'Rourke. First-base on errors—Providence, 1; Boston, 1. Double-plays—O'Rourke and Hague, Houck and Morrill, Burdock and Morrill. Passed ball—Snyder 1. Umpire, Ferguson. Time, 2h.

WORCESTER vs. HOLYOKE.

The Worcester and Holyoke teams played an exhibition game at Worcester, Mass., on June 23, in the presence of about five hundred spectators. Richmond's pitching puzzled the Holyokes' hard hitters, the "Big Four" failing to touch him, Dorgan alone hitting him with any effect, and he was credited with four out of their seven safe hits. Knight and Irwin did the best batting for the home-nine. The game was an exciting one, requiring ten innings to decide it. The Worcesters made three runs in the last inning by splendid batting.

WORCESTER.	T. R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	HOLYOKE.	T. R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Bennett, c. f.	2	0	1	0	0	Dorgan, c....	1	2	10	4	0
Knight, r. f.	3	1	3	2	1	Holyoke, s. s.	0	1	1	3	0
Richmond, p.	0	0	1	0	1	Connor, 3b....	0	1	0	4	0
Irwin, 3b....	1	0	1	3	1	Gillespie, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Gardner, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0	Ellick, 2b....	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, 2b.	0	2	2	1	0	Whitney, p....	0	0	0	0	0
Gillespie, l. f.	0	1	1	0	1	Hankins'n, l. f	0	0	0	0	0
Whiting, 1b.	0	0	9	0	0	Barnes, r. f....	0	0	0	0	0
Mansell, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1	Hotaling, 1b....	0	0	9	0	1
Totals...	7	4	18	12	4	Totals...	1	4	27	11	2

Worcester.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1—3
Holyoke.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Worcester, 2. Two-base hits—Richmond, Irwin. First base on balls—Worcester, 2; Holyoke, 3. Struck out—Worcester, 3; Holyoke, 3. Passed balls—Winslow, 5; Dorgan, 2. Umpire, Henry Murphy. Time, 2h. 45m.

CHICAGO vs. CINCINNATI.

The Chicagos captured the Cincinnatis at Cincinnati on June 25, and thus reversed the result of the previous game. The Chicagos did not make an error in the field until the eighth inning, and then three errors yielded but one run, while costly errors by Will White, Gerhardt, McVey and Barnes of the Cincinnatis cost six runs, and gave the game to the visitors, as follows:

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hotaling, r. f.	5	0	2	2	0	1	Flint, c....	5	1	2	4	1	0
Barnes, s. s.	4	0	0	2	5	2	Peters, s. s.	5	1	2	2	3	0
J. White, r. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0	Wilm'son, 3b	4	0	1	2	0	0
Kelley, c....	4	1	1	3	2	3	Anson, 1st b.	4	3	1	11	0	0
Dickerson, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	2	Shaffer, r. f.	4	1	3	3	0	0
Gerhardt, 2b.	4	1	0	1	2	3	Quest, 2d b.	3	0	1	2	3	0
Foley, 3d b.	4	2	3	0	0	1	Larkin, p....	4	0	0	1	2	1
W. White, p.	4	0	0	0	3	1	Gore, c. f....	4	0	1	0	0	0
McVey, 1b...	3	0	0	10	0	1	Hankin'n, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Totals...	37	3	7	27	16	11	Totals...	38	7	9	27	14	3

Chicago.....	0	1	4	0	0	0	0	2	0—7
Cincinnati.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2—3

Runs earned—Cincinnati, 2; Chicago, 3. Two-base hit—Foley. Three-base hits—Kelley, Peters. Sacrifice-hits—J. White, Dickerson, Quest. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 2; Chicago, 4. Passed balls—Kelley, 3. Wild pitch—Larkin, 1. Umpire, McLean. Time, 2h. 20m.

ALBANY vs. FLOUR CITY.

The Albanys and Flour Citys played a championship game at Albany, N. Y., on June 24, they having taken that date in place of Oct. 13. About fifteen hundred persons were present. Leonard made a home-run for the visitors, and Dunlap batted and fielded well, the home-team, who won a rather uninteresting contest, as follows:

ALBANY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	FLOUR CITY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b..	6	3	3	0	2	2	Higham, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Dunlap, 2d b	5	3	3	2	3	0	Manning, l. f.	4	0	2	0	0	1
Hanlon, l. f.	6	2	2	0	0	0	Leonard, s. s.	4	1	1	1	3	0
Thomas, c. f.	5	0	3	1	0	3	Murnan, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Tobin, 1st b.	5	0	0	9	0	1	Schaier, 3b..	4	0	1	1	2	0
Say, s. s.	5	0	1	1	4	2	McCormick, p	4	0	1	0	4	0
Rocap, r. f..	5	1	1	3	0	1	Corey, p....	4	1	0	1	9	1
Keenan, c...	5	1	1	6	1	3	McClure, c..	4	2	2	4	2	1
Critchley, p.	5	2	1	1	6	0	Smiley, 2b....	4	0	2	2	3	2
Totals...	48	12	14	27	16	10	Totals...	36	4	6	27	21	11

Albany.....	2	0	0	2	4	0	1	1	0—11
Flour City.....	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	1	0—4

Earned run—Flour City, 1. Two-base hit—Smiley. Home run—Leonard. First base on balls—Rocap, Smiley. First base on errors—Albany, 6; Flour City, 5. Struck out—Albany, 3; Flour City, 5. Passed balls—Keenan, 1; McClure, 1. Umpire, D. J. Sullivan of the Albany Club. Time, 2h. 15m.

HARVARD vs. YALE.

A very large assemblage witnessed the fourth game of the college-championship series between Harvard and Yale at Cambridge, Mass., on June 25. The Harvards won by bunching their base-hits in the second inning, making then their total of seven runs, three of which were earned. The result of this game placed Harvard and Yale on an equality as regards victories, although the Yales had three less defeats.

HARVARD.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	YALE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Coolidge, 2b.	4	1	2	2	3	0	Hutch'on, s. s	4	0	1	1	4	0
Tyng, c....	4	0	0	7	0	2	Parker, 3d b.	4	1	1	3	2	1
Ernst, p....	4	0	0	1	4	1	Lamb, p....	4	0	0	0	7	0
Wright, 1st b	4	0	1	10	0	1	Camp, l. f....	4	0	1	0	0	1
Winsor, c. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	Clark, c. f....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Olmstead, l. f.	4	1	0	1	0	0	Walden, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	3	1
Munn, r. f....	4	1	2	0	2	1	Hopkins, 1b..	4	1	0	12	0	0
Cohen, r. f....	4	1	0	2	0	0	Watson, c....	4	1	0	6	3	4
Molden, 3d b.	4	1	0	4	3	1	Ripley, r. f..	3	0	1	1	0	0
Totals...	36	7	7	27	13	7	Totals...	35	3	6	27	19	7

Harvard.....	0	7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—7
Yale.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0—3

First base on errors—Harvard, 4; Yale, 3. Left on bases—Harvard, 2; Yale, 5. Passed balls—Tyng, 2; Watson, 1. Struck out—Harvard, 4; Yale, 2. Double-play—Parker and Hopkins. Two-base hits—Nunn, Wright, Ripley. Earned runs—Harvard, 3. Umpire, Mr. Nickerson. Time, 2h. 30m.

TROY CITY vs. SYRACUSE.

The Troy Citys again easily defeated the Syracuse Stars on June 25 at Troy, N. Y., although the latter on this occasion presented their strongest nine, including Farrell, Dorgan and Decker, the latter being late of the St. Louis Browns. Both nines fielded excellently, and the only runs scored in the game were made in the seventh inning, when the Troys made five runs off six hits and errors of Carpenter and Decker, and the Stars tallied one on errors by Doescher and Reilly.

TROY CITY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Mansell, l. f.	5	1	1	1	1	0	Dorgan, 3d b	4	0	0	1	1	0
Hall, c. f....	5	0	2	3	0	0	Farrell, 2d b.	4	1	2	3	1	0
Caskins, s. s.	4	0	0	3	6	0	Purcell, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Clapp, r. f..	4	0	1	1	1	0	Carpenter, lb	4	0	0	9	0	1
Doescher, 3b	4	1	2	1	4	2	Richmond, ss	3	0	0	5	3	0
Brouthers, lb	4	1	2	14	1	0	McCormick, p	3	0	0	0	4	0
Bradley, p..	4	0	1	0	6	0	Holbert, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Hawkes, 2d b	4	1	1	4	1	0	Decker, c....	3	0	1	5	0	1
Reilly, c....	4	1	2	2	1	1	Mansell, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Totals...	38	5	12	27	20	4	Totals...	31	1	4	27	10	2

Troy City.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	0	0—5
Star.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

Earned runs—Troy City, 2. Two-base hit—Brouthers, 1. First base on errors—Troy City, 1; Star, 2. Double-plays—Mansell and Brouthers, Caskin, Hawkes and Brouthers, Farrell and Carpenter. Passed balls—Reilly, 1; Doescher, 1. Umpire, Daniels. Time, 1h. 30m.

T. H. MURNAN.

The subject of our illustration this week is T. H. Murnan, the centre-fielder of the Flour City Club of Rochester, N. Y., who was born near Bridgeport, Ct., June 4, 1851, and whose career as a ball-player dates back to 1870, when he was connected with an amateur nine in Savannah, Ga. It was, however, when playing with the Mansfields of Middletown, Ct., during 1871 and 1872, that he became favorably known, and his remarkable record as a first-baseman in the latter year led to his first professional engagement, the Athletics of Philadelphia securing his services. He remained with the Athletics during the seasons of 1873 and 1874, and accompanied them on their trip to Europe, generally playing centre-field, a position which he has since made his own, being a very fast runner and a sure catch. We may mention, as instances of the many bits of fine fielding displayed by Murnan while with the Athletics, his memorable catch in the thirteen-inning Athletic-Philadelphia game, when he saved the game for his club by a most extraordinary and difficult running catch at centre-field, and his catch in the cricket match at Manchester, Eng., which the leading sporting journal termed a masterly catch from a grand hit, and one that would with the best English fielding have been a piece of hard work; to the American it was merely a matter of course. In 1875 Murnan transferred his allegiance to the Philadelphias, and then was induced to join the Bostons, with whom he remained during 1876 and 1877, being one of their champion team in the latter season. When Providence's professional nine was organized, in 1878, Murnan was the first player engaged, and he filled the position of first base in fine style during that season. At the commencement of the present season Murnan was engaged by the Capital City Club of Albany, which was thereafter transferred to Rochester, N. Y., and with whom he is playing centre-field. He possesses qualities seldom found in the baseball arena, is an honorable, faithful player, and has had a most creditable record with each of the clubs with whom he has been connected. His forte is his clever baserunning, in which respect he is considered one of the best in the country. As an instance of his agility, we cite the fact that in a match at Boston some six seasons ago he escaped an otherwise unavoidable out by an extraordinary jump clear over the second-baseman, who was stooping to touch him.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Defiance Club defeated the Athletics in Philadelphia on June 23 after an interesting and closely contested game. Fergus and Pfeffer played for the Defiances and Pfieffer with the Athletics, otherwise the two nines were the same as in former games. The Athletics led by 3 to 0 up to the end of the sixth inning, but then allowed their opponents to take the lead in a couple of innings, the latter scoring run after run in the eighth and ninth, Benners, The base-play of Birchall of the Athletics and Householder of the Defiances was a noteworthy feature. Score by innings:

Defiance.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	0—4
Athletic.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Defiance—Base-hits, 5. Athletic—Base-hits, 5; earned run, 1.

The Athletics turned the tables on the Defiances when they met on June 24 in Philadelphia, winning another closely contested game by a score of 7 to 4. The score was a tie at the end of the fifth inning, and then errors by Deasley and Green gave the Athletics four runs and the victory. Slater losing a good chance for the score by going out in the eighth inning on a weak hit and leaving three of the Defiances on the bases.

Athletic.....	1	0	1	0	0	2	2	0	1—7
Defiance.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0—4

Athletic—Base-hits, 8; earned runs, 2. Defiance—Base-hits, 6; earned run, 1.

The Athletics and Philadelphias played their fifth championship game at Philadelphia on June 26. Reynolds played short-stop for the Philadelphias, taking Stricker's place, who was hurt in a previous game, while Livezey of last year's Alerts strengthened the Athletics at right field. The game was closely contested, although both played poorly in the field, the Athletics outbatting their opponents, however, and thus winning. Shetzline and Berklebach excelled in fielding and batting for their respective nines.

Athletic.....	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1—6
Philadelphia.....	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	0—4

Athletic—Base-hits, 10; earned run, 1. Philadelphia—Base-hits, 6; earned run, 1.

The Philadelphias played in Easton, Pa., on June 27, with the strong professional nine of that city. This was the fourth championship game, and was won by the home team by a score of 7 to 0. Each have now won two games, besides having a draw in which each scored a single run.

BOSTON vs. PROVIDENCE.

The third championship game between the Boston and Providence nines on June 26 at Boston, Mass., was won by the former after a hard struggle. Bond took Foley's place as pitcher, and puzzled completely the Providence batsmen, with the exception of Ward, who hit him safely each time he went to the bat. The Bostons led off with two runs on Jones' safe hit, Houck's two-bagger and a wild pitch, and scored another run on Bond's hit, which York allowed to pass him. The Providences made their first run on a base given on called balls, Wade's two-baser and a passed ball by Snyder, and Hines added another in the seventh inning on a force-hit and a muff of Snyder's throw by Bond. Ward's batting and a triple-play made by Snyder, purposely missing Hague on strikes, were noteworthy features of this game.

PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hines, c. f....	5	1	1	3	0	0	Jones, l. f....	4	1	1	0	0	0
O'Rourke, lb	4	0	0	10	0	2	Houck, s. s....	4	1	1	0	3	3
McGeary, 2b	4	0	0	2	0	0	Hawes, r. f....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Hague, 3d b.	4	2	2	1	3	2	Wilm'son, 3b	4	0	1	2	0	0
Ward, p....	4	0	4	0	8	1	Bond, p....	3	1	1	5	1	1
Mathews, r. f	4

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, June 30.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucy (late of Olympic Theatre, N. Y.)
Antonini, Miss
Adelitzi, Mlle.
Austin, Jossa
Antonio, Tillie (champ-artist)
Bliss, Mrs. Eugene
Burdeau, Mrs. Jane
Baylis, Mrs. Louisa
Barry, Mrs. Wm. (2)
Bright, Rosabel (burlesque "biz")
Berrell, Mrs. Mary E.
Barton, Ollie
Cammara, Marie
Clifford, Millie (late of "Uldman's The.)
Christie, Maggie
C. D. G. Miss
Daly, Lizzie (dancesuse)
DeLouise, Louise (of New Nat. The. Hartford)
DeLew, Inez
Dacosta, Minna
Davenport, Fannie
Detchon, Agdelaide
Dick, Mary
Gould, Fannie D. (of Macauley's Co.) (2)
Gray, Minnie Oscar
Gray, Ada
Granger, Maude
Gray, Lottie (vocalist)
Garland, Grace
Harding, Mrs.
Hamilton, Dollie (of Hamilton Bist.)
Hanchett, Julia D.
Herring, Fannie
Herd Sisters
Irving, Edith (ballad ist)
Irving, Louise
Isaacs, Adda (2)
Kingston, Agnes (2)
Lougee, Kittie
Lockwood Sisters
Linden, Louise
Lee, Pollie
Leigh, Mrs. Geo.
Macauley, Mrs. Rachel
Miranda, Lottie (of Pewaugh'aClr.)
Mulvey, Lizzie (2)
Mortimer, Mary
Nelson, Blanche
Morris, Clara
Osgood, Kittie
Orne, Mrs. Rohardine
Orville, Nellie (late of Sanford's Co.)
Parker, Georgie (of Parker Sisters)
Powers, Lizzie (4)
Pascoe, Marie
Plimsoll, Flora (burlesque "biz")
Raynham, Kate (care M. Leavitt)
Reynolds, Vic (vocalist) (2)
Reifforth, Mrs. Jennie (2)
Rocke, Bridget
Rentz, Madam
Roberts, Nellie (of New Nat. Thea., Hartford)
Snow, Lizzie (dansesuse)
Sutherland, May
Saronee, Nellie
Shandley, Josephine
St. Felix, Leanora
Smithson, Georgie
Sylvester, Emilie
Smith, Kittie
Sherwood, Gracie K.
Turner, May
Turner, Della (2)
Taylor, Miss M (care J. F. Sherry)
Truax, Mary
Thompson, Charlotte (2)
Townsend, Alice (of Globe Thea., Boston)
Thorne, Mrs. (of Sanford's Co.)
Turnour, Mrs. H.
Valade, Fannie
Waldron, Mrs. G. S.
Weathersby, Jennie
Wallace, Mary (of Op. ho., Cincinnati)
Wermiller Wemell, Ada
Willard, Jessie

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Hugo, — (juggler, etc.)
Haslam, J. (of Nat. Thea., Hartford)
Hoey, Wm. (of Bryant's Min.)
Howard, Chas. (of London Circus)
Holloway, Jas.
Hastor, Tony
Haly, W. (o. m. Sleaford, Eng.)
Hamilton, Clifton W. (4)
Templeton, John
Tinham, F. C.
Thorne, J. H. (manager)
Turner, Albert
Trimble, E. G.
Turner, W. S.
Thorpe, J. D.
Turner, W. C.
Toomer, Chas.
Taylor, Jas.
Tyrrell, E. G. (agent)
Tucker, Stephen A.
Underhill, J. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Vokes, Geo.
Vincent, Jas. (comedian)
Villa, Sam B.
Victorelli, H. (2)
Vernon, Dan (of "Old" J. Robinson's Circus)
White, H. A. (Florence's agent)
Willis, Fred
Williams, H. A. B.
Wilson, Chas.
Wallack's Tripo. Co.
West, Wm. (panlomimist) (2)
Weston, Harry P.
Wilson, L. F. (theat. manager)
Sherman, W. H.
Spiegel, H. (of Com. monwealth Clr.)
Sexton, M. C.
Showles, Jr., J. J. (Seens, forming dogs)e.
Sheridan, W. E.
Stevens, Jno. A.
Sadler, Thos.
Sanford, S. (drum. agent)
Straight, Ned
Sprague, Z. W. (2)
Snowden, F.
Georgia Minst.)
Santelle, Sig. (of Southern Museum) (2)
Sprague, D. J. (of Howorth's Min.)
Smith, Sidney (comedian)
Sheppard, J. R. (manager) (2)
Schwab, Mr. (manager)
Swan, Capt. Jas.
Sweeney, B. S.
Sage, G. (of Adelphi Thea., Terre Haute)
Sivalls, Chas.
Thompson, John (of Thea., Denver)
Thompson, Denman
Thompson, W. E.
Thurston, Prof. (coronant)
Tudor, John (p. o. m. Norwich, Eng.)
Turner, Geo. W.
Taylor, Prince, Clifton W. (4)
Templeton, John
Tinham, F. C.
Thorne, J. H. (manager)
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Schwab, Mr. (manager)
Swan, Capt. Jas.
Sweeney, B. S.

Arts, O. W.
Apgar, Geo.
Allen, Ira (of London Sensation)
Armstrong, Robt. (of Barnum's Clr.)
Andrews, Frank
Aston & Geyer
Ainsley, Willie
Allen, F. S. (author, etc.)
Allen, W. L. (manager) (2)
Allyne, E. T. J.
Antony, Jr., C. (of Georgia Minst.)
Emmet, J. K.
Ashton, F. F.
Fish, C. W.
Fox, Chas. F. (gymnast)
Forbes, Chas. (manager) 2c.
Fanning, R.
D Artrey, Wm.
Foote, Jr., W. (of Chamtrau's Co.)
Fox, E. (of B. W. P. & W. Minst.)
Favor (both)
Ferris, T. (of Cooper & Bailly's Circus)
Fenton, Eddie (violinist)
Green, J. (of Morris & Green)
Gonzales, T. F.
Gorton, J. (of N. O. Minst.)
Gill, W. B. (comedian) (2)
Gotthold, — (of Gotthold & Ryan) (2)
Gibson & Binney
Grover, Jr., A.
George, A. (English p. o. mark)
Gaston, Albert
Goodwin, J. M. (with Hartz)
Holbrook, Jas.
Howe, F. (of McAuley & Howe)
Hodgdon, S. K.
Halkway, J. (of Barnum's Circus)
Hill, Geo. A.
Hedge, Thos.
Hart, Robt.
Hall, Harry F.
Hunt, H. J.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Thanks to Mr. Hartnett, of the Sterling (Ill.) Post-office on June 27 for Jas. Bohee and Neil Moore, of Haverly's Minstrels; Victoria North, of Tony Denier's Co., and Chas. Grady, of N. Y. Circus.

Howard, Jas. (of Nat. Thea., Hartford)
Howard, Chas. (of London Circus)
Holloway, Jas.
Hastor, Tony
Haly, W. (o. m. Sleaford, Eng.)
Hamilton, Clifton W. (4)
Templeton, John
Tinham, F. C.
Thorne, J. H. (manager)
Turner, Albert
Trimble, E. G. (agent)
Tucker, Stephen A.
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Sheppard, J. R. (manager) (2)
Schwab, Mr. (manager)
Swan, Capt. Jas.
Sweeney, B. S.

Bayliss, Mr. and Mrs. Louis
Barry, Mrs. Wm. (2)
Bright, Rosabel (burlesque "biz")
Berrell, Mrs. Mary E.
Barton, Ollie
Cammara, Marie
Clifford, Millie (late of "Uldman's The.)
Christie, Maggie
C. D. G. Miss
Daly, Lizzie (dancesuse)
DeLouise, Louise (of New Nat. The. Hartford)
DeLew, Inez
Dacosta, Minna
Davenport, Fannie
Detchon, Agdelaide
Dick, Mary
Gould, Fannie D. (of Macauley's Co.) (2)
Gray, Minnie Oscar
Gray, Ada
Granger, Maude
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Garland, Grace
Harding, Mrs.
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Hanchett, Julia D.
Herring, Fannie
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Irving, Louise
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Kingston, Agnes (2)
Lougee, Kittie
Lockwood Sisters
Linden, Louise
Lee, Pollie
Leigh, Mrs. Geo.
Macauley, Mrs. Rachel
Miranda, Lottie (of Pewaugh'aClr.)
Mulvey, Lizzie (2)
Mortimer, Mary
Nelson, Blanche
Morris, Clara
Osgood, Kittie
Orne, Mrs. Rohardine
Orville, Nellie (late of Sanford's Co.)
Parker, Georgie (of Parker Sisters)
Powers, Lizzie (4)
Pascoe, Marie
Plimsoll, Flora (burlesque "biz")
Raynham, Kate (care M. Leavitt)
Reynolds, Vic (vocalist) (2)
Reifforth, Mrs. Jennie (2)
Rocke, Bridget
Rentz, Madam
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Snow, Lizzie (dansesuse)
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Saronee, Nellie
Shandley, Josephine
St. Felix, Leanora
Smithson, Georgie
Sylvester, Emilie
Smith, Kittie
Sherwood, Gracie K.
Turner, May
Turner, Della (2)
Taylor, Miss M (care J. F. Sherry)
Truax, Mary
Thompson, Charlotte (2)
Townsend, Alice (of Globe Thea., Boston)
Thorne, Mrs. (of Sanford's Co.)
Turnour, Mrs. H.
Valade, Fannie
Waldron, Mrs. G. S.
Weathersby, Jennie
Wallace, Mary (of Op. ho., Cincinnati)
Wermiller Wemell, Ada
Willard, Jessie

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Thompson, Denman
Thompson, W. E.
Thurston, Prof. (coronant)
Tudor, John (p. o. m. Norwich, Eng.)
Turner, Geo. W.
Taylor, Prince

THE LAST WEEK of the variety season in the Boston (Mass.) Museum by the Harrigan & Hart Combination closed June 28 to a fair patronage, a month's stay by a company with only one change of performers being almost too long for Boston, remarks our correspondent, adding: "The programme presented was choice, and presented Johnny Shay, Ed. Burt and Harry A. Fisher in the sketch 'Born to be an Actor.' Johnny Shay did not appear after 24, being ill and threatened with pneumonia, which has since proved quite serious, his place in the sketch being supplied by Joe Buckley. Jennie Yeamans in a new song-and-dance, written by Charles E. Pratt, entitled 'The Sweetest Flower of All;' the double act of "Juliana Johnson" by Goss and Fox; new topical and popular songs by Edwin Harry; John Wild and Billy Gray as principals in the sketch of 'Brothers in Misfortune;' the Four Aces —Tierney, Cronin, Lester and Allen—in songs and eccentric dances; and the popular 'Mulligan-guard Ball.'.....A novel and well-arranged first-part minstrel scene was the primary feature of the bill at the Boylston Museum. The members of the orchestra, as well as the comedians and singers, were placed together on the stage, Walter Bray, Billie Lamont and Charles H. Yale acting on the bone-end, William C. Cameron, Harry Ducrow and Sam Lang on the tambo, with Charles M. Bassett as interlocutor, and Spray Arlington and Mattie Stuart as female vocalists. Grace and Florence Sherwood opened the olio with songs-and-dances, followed by Sam Lang and Dollie Sharpe in a Dutch act; Lillie Western performed on a number of musical instruments; a skipping-rope dance was given by Dollie Sharpe, Mattie and Alice Stuart appeared in character changes and a double pedestal clog; Mullen and Magee gave 'The Men of Nerve' in Irish characterisms; and the burletta of 'The Rehearsal, or Behind the Scenes at the Boylston,' in which appeared the Misses Lou Church, White and Ross, in addition to those already mentioned, closed the programme. Business for the week fair. New stars June 30: Emma Whitney, John Whitney, John B. Wills and May Adams, Annie Hindle, Charles Banks, Nelson Curry and August Seigrist, and Charles and Lewis Dockstader.....James S. Maffitt and a specialty company give three Fourth-of-July peformances at the Howard Athenæum."

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, during the week ending June 28, Louise De Luisi, Julia Walcot, Walter Fletcher, Mlle. De Granville, and Charles Waterfield were the specialists, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was played, with the following cast: Eva, Little Jennie Lorne; Cassy, Eliza, Marie Wellesley; Uncle Tom, Dan Leeson; George Harris, W. E. Sterling; George Shelby, J. F. Raymond; St. Clair, J. P. Johnson; Legree, Phineas Fletcher, W. H. Harvey; Marks, M. Heppard; Haley, W. Jones; Deacon Perry, Harry Fenner; Mr. Wilson, A. Jones; Loker, George Kern; Mr. Shelby, Mr. Robinson; Sambo, W. Watson; Auctioneer, J. Percy; Walter, W. Worth; Little Harry, Master Eddie Andrews; Marie St. Clair, Miss Julia Walcot; Aunt Ophelia, Miss Leo Gordon; Topsy, with song, Miss Susie Warren; Little Chloe, Miss Addie James; Emeline, Miss L. De Luisi. Charles Waterfield and Louise De Luisi closed 28. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will run during the current week, for which the only new people will be Spencer Pritchard—who replaces J. P. Johnson as St. Clair, the latter going to Boston—The Colored Opera Company, which played here so long, benefited at a special matinee 26, when the bill consisted of "Pinafore" and specialties by the following colored performers, who volunteered: Elwood C. Brown, Thomas Williams, Alice Beaton, and Maggie Bundy. Charles Waterfield also volunteered, and sang some of his comic songs. The Colored Opera Company commences a "Pinafore" season in Boston July 7.

W. T. BRYANT, John Kernell, J. M. Davis, Clark Gibbs, G. L. Stout, Dick Gorman and Jule Keen appeared in specialties at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, last week. The last two closed at Landis and Steele, Maud Stanley and Harry Martin open 30. Business light.....Manager Gilmore has leased Oakdale Park for one year from July 2. He will fit it up with a walking-track, an archery-range, shuffle-board, racket, polo, lacrosse and baseball grounds, bowling-alleys, handball courts, etc. He has organized two female baseball nines, the Philadelphia Blues and Reds. These dear creatures are advertised to play their first game July 4 at Oakdale Park, after which they will go on the road to play exhibition games, first to Baltimore, then to Washington, then through the New England circuit, then through New York State, and then through the West, if everything is congenial.

VARIETY NEWS from Chicago, Ill., up to June 28, is as follows: The Metropolitan there was an excellent average attendance—on some nights large—all of the week to witness the entertainment provided by May Fisk's Blondes, which proved to be good. The first-part represented a grotto-scene, in which some forty men and women, the feminine sex predominating by a large majority, were grouped in the form of a pyramid, John Harris and Mlle. Mahretta occupying the bone-ends, Billy Diamond and Laura Bennett the tambo, James Collins officiating as interlocutor, and the vocalization being furnished by Nellie Parker, John Harris, Favor and Shields and Billy Diamond. The second part included an olio, in which the songs of Add Weaver, the fire-eating of Sam Baylis, the 'Red Dwarf' illusion of Miss Ida Vincent, the banjoisms of John Harris, the operatic sketch by James Collins and Martha Wren, the Irish songs of Miss Nellie Parker, the living artableaux of Mlle. Mahretta and assistants, the specialties of Billy Diamond, the Irish songs-and-dances of Favor and Shields, the double skipping-rope dance of Laura Bennett and Capitola Forrest, and the Marionettes of Sam Baylis were the features. The entertainment closed with a condensed version of 'Fra Diavolo.' The coming (this) week 'The Female Athletes' will be the principal novelty.....At the Academy there was a fair attendance, Harry Kennell's Combination presenting an excellent programme, which included the Kayes—William and Minnie—in Ethiopian songs-and-dances; Nellie Massa, serio-comic; Harry Kernell in his dialect witticisms; Chas. A. Gardner in Dutch songs and sayings; Kitty O'Neil in jigs; the performance concluding with Minnie Oscar Gray, W. T. Stephens and dogs in "Saved from the Storm." This will be the entertainment for 29, with the addition of the Fieldings and other volunteers, when Stage-manager Norton benefits. Mme. Rentz's Minstrels open for a week 30, closing their season here."

HOWARD AND COYNE, Harry and Emma Budworth, James and Katie Edwards, Belle Clifton, Daisy Kernell, the Four Eccentrics—consisting of Perry, Magrew, Curdy and Hughes—the Moore Sisters and Barney Reynolds showed at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, the past week. Dave Walling was to have appeared with his partner, Barney Reynolds, but, having sprained his foot, was unable to do so. The variety season terminated June 28.....Mr. Miller has decided not to close the house, but to give orchestral concerts nightly. The place has been beautifully decorated, especially as regards the stage, on which will sit an orchestra of fifteen men, under the conductorship of H. Knorr. A profusion of rare plants and flowers and a beautiful prismatic fountain have been introduced.....Daisy Kernell, long a favorite at this house, has had a fine offer to join the Rice "Evangeline" Troupe, and will probably accept it.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Bradford, Pa., the appearances June 23 were Ed. Kennedy, Ida Burt, the O'Brien Bros., Kitty Sheppard, Burley and Marr, Cora Leigh, Moore and Lessinger, Josie Johnson, Frank Bell, Josie Howard, Charles Pemberton, Tom Jackson, stage-manager; Harry Seymour, business-manager and proprietor. Business good. New people 30: The Moore Sisters, the Stewart Sisters, Ella Shelton, Louise Murto and J. E. Parks.....At the Theatre Comique, on June 23, the company included Rosie Blair, Millie Malmburg, Joe Redmond, Ida Clifton, the Wellington Sisters' London Sensation, Tenbrook and Dooley, Mulligan and Morris, Chas. and Emma Austin, Annie Montague, and Mullaley and Fenton. Chas. McDonald has accepted the position of stage and business manager. Departures 28: Rosie Blair and Millie Malmburg, to New York; the Wellington Sisters, Cleveland; Ida Redmond, Ada Clifton and Tenbrook and Dooley, Buffalo. Billed for 30: Annie Boyd, Maggie Nichols, Mable Pearl, Ed. Nino Edlie, Hall and Le Bar. Business is good. The management have secured a new lease, and the Comique will be kept open during the entire Summer.

HYDE & BEHMAN'S THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., is undergoing extensive alterations, and, it is stated, will be considerably improved for the next season, opening Sept. 1. Artists desiring time can address as per advertisement.

A FAIR BUSINESS was done in the Coliseum, Detroit, Mich., the past week. The new faces were Donnelly and Dreen, Tommy and Annie Dayton, and Holmes Grover Jr. Closing June 28: Donnelly and Dreen, for Grand Rapids; Tommy and Annie Dayton, Mt. Clemens; Minnie Hall, Evansville, Ind.; Holmes Grover Jr., Chicago. Announced for 30: Chas. S. Rogers, Mattie Vickers, Fannie Knight, Wetson and Fox, Gibson and Binney, Chas. and May Loder, Mlle. Martolo, Tom E. Murray. July 2 is set aside for Manager Chas. O. White's benefit.....At the Odeon business has been fair. Closing 28: Della Turner, to Chicago, and Tom Peasley. Coming 30: Joe Cramer, Maggie Christie, and Minnie Allen. A gold headed cane was presented to Chas. Peltier, business-manager, the following being the inscription: "To Chas. Peltier, business-manager of Odeon, by Chas. Roselan and company, June 25, 1879." For the week of the races, 28, a snap company has been engaged at the Comique.

AT THE NATIONAL, Hartford, Ct., the attractions last week were Thomas and Watson and Captain Eth in Irish and Ethiopian acts; Lizzie Daly, jig; Alice Gleason and Lou Sanford, serio-comics; the Devoe Sisters, Eva Wilson, McGrew, Harrington, O'Neil and Donahue, statue clog; and Press Eldridge. Attendance fair. Closed June 28: The seven clog-dancers, Thomas and Watson, and Alice Gleason, to Providence; the Devoe Sisters, Boston; Lou Sanford and Press Eldridge, New York. Announced for 30: Viola Clifton, Virginia Stickney, Belle Fairmount, the Ross Sisters, Gussie Leach, Cora Fisher, Celestine Monteverde, Maud Rentz, Mabel Cushman, Cora McCormick, Williams and Watson, and the Four Aces—Lester, Allen, Tierney and Cronin.

THE SUMMER THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a flourishing business the past week. The fresh appearances were Nellie Germon in songs and sensational recitations; Williams and Sully in songs-and-dances; Harry Woodson in old-negro specialties; Paddy and Ella Murphy in the musical sketch of "Irish Felicity;" and Mollie Wilson, serio-comic. Departures June 28: Mabel Pearl and El Cano Eddie, to Bradford, Pa.; Leonard and Moore, Baltimore; and Harry Woodson, Norfolk, Va. Announced for 30: Charles A. Grear, the Delmannings, and Carrie Carrington.

AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Minneapolis, Minn., the attendance was light the past week. Departures 28: Homer and Holly and Lola Cory. Billed for June 30: Gus Peters, Lotta Ward, Miss Le Etta, and Master Willie.

THE GRAND CENTRAL, Troy, N. Y., is to be open during the week ending July 5 with the following company: Keating and Sands, Ada Lynwood, Mack and Rosa, Ada Lannier, Gibbons and Russell, and Kate Seaton.

BUSINESS at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., last week, was fair. The new attractions were the Brazziers in dances and Mlle. Pachon's Statue Troupe. Departures June 28: Crumley and Deforest, Harry and Mary Thompson, to Louisville, and the Brazzier Bros., unknown. Arrivals 30: Fred Covert, Welch, Turner and Harvey, and J. F. Sherry. This house closes July 5 for one week, so as to deepen the stage and make other improvements.....Frank Lawton and Burt Shepard, who are in Cleveland, double at the Bar.

RYAN'S VARIETY THEATRE, Scheneetady, N.Y., was opened June 28 with the following company: Minnie Dewitt, the Phillips Brothers, Rose Kingston, Joe Edmunds and Emma Sidelle. Harry Drew, late of the Grand Central, Troy, is stage-manager.

FRANCES ABBOTT, who struck Frank Leopold the acrobat on the head with a pitcher June 22, was brought up for a hearing June 25, when, as Leopold positively refused to testify against her, she was discharged. Leopold's wound is healing kindly, and he is about again.

MABEL FLORENCE'S FEMALE FIRE-BRIGADE begins a traveling tour, including England, Australia and California, Aug. 25. See card.

AT WALDMAN'S THEATRE, Newark, N. J., says our correspondent, "business the past week was excellent, and the performances were above the average. Harry Clifton has thoroughly ingratiated himself with the audiences, and will remain a fixture, as leading man of the stock. Of the others, Jennie Christie and Katie Gilbert are favorites, and have won their position by hard work and artistic merit. The olio was fair, Virgie Jackson being an attraction of striking proportions, while Miss St. John proved possibly less entertaining owing to her frequent visits to this house. Departures: Virgie Jackson and Leach and McCarthy, to New York; Nellie St. John, to Boston. To arrive 30: Lottie Bernard, Fannie Alton, Bryant and Belmont, and Sam Desarin."

HARRY WILLIAMS' ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Pittsburg, Pa., opens for the season Sept. 8. Novelty artists, stars and combinations are requested to address as per advertisement.

PERFORMERS can find engagements at Rehlsen's Opera-house, Newark, N. J. See card.

AT THE VARIETY THEATRE in Vicksburg, Miss., Jessie Reese, Charles Reese, and Irwin T. Bush, the latest arrivals, have become favorites. The Haleys are billed for June 30.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., the Martinetti Family were re-engaged the past week. Departures, none. Business, poor.

AT THE ZENITH, Duluth, Minn., the latest arrivals were Pete Brady, Charles Tuttle and Fred Burnand.

JULIETTE NAULT, vocalist in French, English and Italian songs, can be addressed care of this office for engagements.

AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, Toronto, Canada, specialty artists and combinations, especially blonde troupes, can find engagements. See Manager H. Franklin's card.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE LAST OF THE BUCKLEYS.—George Swaine Buckley died at his residence, in Quincy, Mass., at five o'clock A. M. June 25. A biographical sketch may be found on an outside page. His funeral was largely attended by citizens of Quincy, a delegation of the Quincy Yacht Club, of which deceased was a member, and professionals from Boston, Mass., and neighboring towns. The floral offerings were numerous and elegant. After religious services by the Rev. Samuel Kelley of the Methodist Church, the remains were taken to Mount Hope Cemetery, and there interred.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS played in Dover, N. H., June 26, Amesbury Mills, Mass., 27, Newburyport 28, and are billed in North Attleboro 30, Attleboro July 1, Westerly, Ct., 2, Stonington 3, New London 4, and there close the season. The destination of the members of the company is: Charles H. Duprez and wife, Lowell, Mass.; Frank Dumont, Philadelphia, Pa.; James T. Gulick, Brooklyn; Tom Warfield and Ned Meehan, Valleydale, near Lowell, Mass.; Joseph Fox and Wm. Ward, Canandaigua and Rochester, N. Y.; Harry Pierson, Philadelphia; John Mitchell, St. Catherines, Canada; Ferd Heinrich, Utica, N. Y.; J. G. Rhodes, Michigan; Frank Carleton, Scranton; R. J. Fenton, Chester, Pa.; John Clair, Sharon, Pa.; Edward Hohl, Chicago; W. J. Hyland, Rochester, N. Y.; Charles Sparks, New York City; G. W. Wingfield, Watertown, N. Y.; Charles H. Keeshin, New Haven, Ct.; and the rest of the company to New York and Albany.

CHARLES CRUSOE has severed his connection with the Hicks Georgia Minstrels, now in Australasia, and was to have sailed for America June 24. Communications can be sent to him as per card.

EMERSON'S "MEGATHERIAN" MINSTRELS have met with success in Chicago, as will be seen by our correspondent's letter and press extracts published in another column. All communications in regard to this company should be addressed to Manager Hooley, as per advertisement

CONSIDERING THE INTENSE HEAT of the weather and the great number of shows in Chicago, Ill., last week, Emerson's "Megatherian" Minstrels attracted a very good attendance to Hooley's Theatre. Our correspondent says: "There were just fifty grouped in pyramidal form in the first-part. Henry Wannemacher and orchestra opened with a pot-pourri; E. M. Hall sang 'Gwine in de Valley;' Carl Rudolph, the 'Old-fashioned Fireplace;' Luke Schoolcraft, 'Liza Jane;' Arthur Cook, 'Sally in our Alley;' Hughey Dougherty, 'Sweet Evelina;' H. W. Frillman, 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' concluding with the eight end-men as the awkward squad, which was closed by Major Burk's lightning drill. In the second-part E. M. Hall gave banjo-solos; Emerson, as the leader, danced; the twelve clog-dancers, very clever as to precision of time and movement; Hughey Dougherty in his burlesque lecture on 'Love;' Schoolcraft and Coes in the sketch 'Good Day;' sixteen song-and-dance men, by whom there was more gymnastic and acrobatic exhibitions than songs-and-dances; the Novello Quartet—Rigby, Lehigh, Heyer and Cabbott—in clever imitations of a brass band; the performance concluding with 'Scenes on the Mississippi,' in which the whole company took part. The troupe remains another week, offering as principal novelty E. N. Slocum's burlesque 'Henry Moses' Shadboat Pinafore.'.....Sprague's Colored Georgia Minstrels open in Hamlin's 30, announced as one hundred strong.....Charles Backus is said to have won one thousand dollars at the races 24. He left for Grand Rapids, Mich., 26."

BILLY SWEATNAM'S MINSTRELS open in Rocky Point (near Providence), R. I., July 1, for a brief season.

HAVERLY'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS occupied Heuck's Theatre, Cincinnati, O., the past week.

CIRCUSES.

ELLA OGDEN GRAYD, professionally known as Maude Sheppard, serio-comic, is engaged for the Summer season as the four-horse charioteer at the Coney Island Roman Races.

ALLEN'S GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS performed in Onondaga, N. Y., June 25, Cooperstown 26, Cherry Valley 27, Richfield Springs 28.

COOPER, BAILEY & CO.'S GREAT LONDON SHOW is to exhibit in Stillwater, Minn., July 2, St. Paul 3, Minneapolis 4, Faribault 5, Hastings 7, Red Wing 8, Winona 9, Rochester 10, Owatonna 11, Mankato 12.

THE TRANSATLANTIC CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE is billed in Windfall, Ind., July 1, Tipton 2.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS will be in Muncie, Ind., July 16.

"ROMAN RACES" is the title which Manager Frank Whittaker has chosen for the entertainments which are to be inaugurated on the Brighton Beach Fair Grounds (Coney Island), June 30, and to be continued every Monday, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons, commencing at two o'clock. Fiat, ladies' hurdle, four-horse chariot, and Roman standing races will be the features. The admission-fee will be 25 cents, 50 cents and $1, according to location chosen.

F. W. KING, bareback rider, and wife, can be engaged. They have two horses. See advertisement.

JOHN BATCHELLER, who was recently injured while turning a double somersault over elephants, has recovered and rejoined Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth in Bangor, Me., June 22.

ALLEN'S GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS is to be in Fonda, N. Y., July 3, Amsterdam 4, Gloversville 5.

THE METROPOLITAN CIRCUS, Havana, Cuba—M. Gomez proprietor and Leon De Leon manager—opens Oct. 15. Novelties and combinations of all kinds are wanted. See card.

A TOP-MOUNTER for brother act is wanted by Harry Franklin, who advertises.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS is billed in Detroit July 5, and will have the electric-light.

SELLS BROS.' CIRCUS showed in Cleveland, O., June 26, 27, 28, to fair business. Route: Akron 30, Millersburg July 1, Logan 2, Wheeling 3, Marietta 4.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS is billed in Aurora, Ill., July 12, Plymouth 14, Fort Wayne, Ind., 15, Logansport 16, Lafayette 17, Danville 18, Bloomington 19, Peoria 21. Business reported good.

J. R. BLITZ offers a trapeze apparatus for sale, at low rates. See card. Mr. Blitz is now principal solicitor for Geo. Middleton, the privilege owner with Forepaugh's show. He also gives his Punch-and-Judy magical performance.

SELLS BROS.' Great Seven-elephant Show, Menagerie and Circus exhibited in Cleveland, O., June 26, 27, 28, and is billed in Akron 30, Millersburg July 1, Mt. Vernon 2, Logan 3, Marietta 4, Parkersburg, W. Va, 5, Chillicothe, O., 7, Portsmouth 8, Circleville 9, Washington C. H. 10, Wellington 11. Business is reported as very good.

COUP'S CIRCUS exhibited in Rochester, N. Y., June 27, 28, to large and well-satisfied audiences, remarks our correspondent, adding: "A distressing accident occurred to Daniel Smith while there, which may prove fatal. He was engaged in taking down the chandeliers, when the reservoir burst, allowing the naphtha to run all over him. It immediately ignited, and before it could be smothered he was burned very severely. The kindest attention was shown him, and he was removed to St. Mary's Hospital, where he now is. The members of the company started a subscription among themselves for his benefit, which amounted to about $100. Route: Watkins 30, Penn Yan July 1, Canandaigua 2, Auburn 3, Geneva 4, Ithaca 5."

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. HARTZ, magician, has just closed a successful season of forty-three weeks. He wants to engage a good ventriloquist and dialect performer to travel with him next season, and he advertises the cannon trick for sale very cheap, having discarded it from his repertory.

SPECIAL RATES to theatrical and concert troupes over the Bound Brook route to Philadelphia will be discontinued after July 1. From that date fifty trip-books, good for one year from date, in the hands of the ticket-agent, will be issued at the rate of $30.

WM. J. METCHEAR notifies the profession that he can hereafter be found at the Adams House, Providence, R. I., which he has leased. He invites their patronage, and offers special rates and special accommodations to professional guests. See advertisement.

SHOW-PAINTINGS of all kinds can be obtained at J. Bruce's advertised address.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., is to let. See Hyde & Behman's card.

IN PHILADELPHIA, the Franklin Institute recently transferred its magnificent collection of minerals to the Academy of Natural Sciences.....A consultation was held at the Girard House June 26 between the members of the State Agricultural Society and the officers of the Permanent Exhibition Company, and it was decided to hold the State Agricultural Fair at the Permanent Exhibition Building from Sept. 8 to 20, both inclusive, and it was also determined not to receive any working machinery but that of American manufacture.

TREMONT TEMPLE, Boston, Mass., was slimly attended on the evening of June 23, when a performance of reading, variety and drill was given for the benefit of the Ninth Regiment, who were visitors to New York the past week.....The Siege of Paris changed its auxiliary attraction 23, when Madison Obrey, mimic and vocalist, appeared.....The twenty-sixth anniversary of the Caledonia Club was celebrated in Paine Hall 24 by an entertainment of reading, vocal and instrumental music, and recitations in costume by Miss Jeanie Thorburn, A. M. Bell, Charles F. Hallam, Alexander Corbett, Nellie M. Moore, Jennie E. Canning, W. W. Coe, and Joseph C. Canning.....Forrest Garden and Oakland Garden in the Highlands are catering to out-of-door-amusement-seekers. Instrumental music by popular bands, fireworks, legerdemain and the stereopticon are the attractions, to good patronage.....C. Rush Wetherill, lecturer of the Seige of Paris, and Madison Obrey commence a tour of the British Provinces July 8. Harry La Rose, the Boston gymnast, has been engaged for five weeks at the Highland Lake Grove .....Charles H. Hicks is now the business-manager of the Oakland Garden.

HARRY LESLIE "The Hero of Niagara" is to walk a rope five hundred feet long and one hundred feet above the earth in Bay View, Mich., afternoon and night July 4, and repeat his performances on the two following Sundays.

PROF. LAVEER made high-rope ascensions in Kittanning, Pa., June 26, Freeport 27, Butler 28, and is billed in Franklin 30, Newcastle July 1, Lowell, O., 2, Youngstown 3, Canton 4; thence to Kalamazoo, Mich., where he will rest for two weeks.

BURKE'S PANORAMA OF IRELAND can be purchased at the advertised figure.

FRANK HUSSEY, comedian, recently gave his entertainment entitled "A Tour Around the World," and subsequently managed a walking match, in Yarmouth, N. S. He returns here shortly.

ARNHEIM the tailor furnishes artistically-cut clothing to professionals at special figures. He publishes prices in his card elsewhere.

FOLDING-CHAIRS are wanted for a lecture-room. See card.

WOODROFFE & CARLING'S Bohemian Glassblowers are holding daily levees to profitable business in Halifax, N. S.

A LARGE STOCK of magical novelties is advertised by Adams & Co.

THE WABASH CIRCUIT, under the management of Davis & Monroe, with headquarters at Danville, Ill., includes the Lincoln Opera-house, in that town; Eichberg's Opera-house, Champaign; and Ramsey's Opera-house, Crawfordsville. They are the only houses in the cities named, and are advertised as in every way fitted for first-class companies.

AT THE ROYAL OPERA-HOUSE, Toronto, Ont., there has been an entire change of management, and the theatre is now being refitted for the coming season. Dates can be secured by addressing J. Gobay, business-manager, or C. W. Tayleure's dramatic agency, as per card.

A BALLOON RACE is to take place from the Fair Grounds, Columbus, O., July 4. The contestants are Prof. Harry Gilbert and Miss Helene A. Thiers. The conditions of the race for supremacy are: 1, height; 2, time in the air; 3, distance traveled. Two points gained out of three to decide the contest. There is also to be a carrier-pigeon race from this city to New York July 4, weather permitting.

PROF. HARTZ and company closed their season in Warren, O., June 21. Prof. Hartz has bought a residence in Cleveland, and will hereafter make that his home.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE, this city, which is now being enlarged, will be to rent from Sept. 1. See T. J. McCahill's card.

ALF. BURNETT will be confined to his room for a month or two longer, as his right shoulder-blade was so seriously injured as to prevent the use of crutches. In our variety summary will be found an account of the benefit tendered him in Cincinnati the past week. Engagements made for August he will be compelled to cancel. See advertisement.

MILLIE CHRISTINE, two-headed nightingale, supported by Baron Littlefinger and Count Rosebud, did a large business at their two performances daily in Library Hall, Newark, N. J., the past week.

MESSRS. SIMMONDS & BROWN are agents for the Forbes Lithographic Manufacturing Company of Boston, which is advertised as the largest lithograph and printing establishment in the United States. They execute theatrical work of every description.

AMATEUR.

THE DRAMA of "The Coronation of Columbus" was repeated in the Broadway Universalist Church, South Boston, June 26.

THE OPERETTA "Little Red Riding-hood" was sung by fifty children in Temple Hall, Cambridge, Mass., June 27.

THE SUSQUEHANNA (PA.) DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION on June 24 presented "Deborah" for Miss Carrie Holmes' benefit in Deposit, N. Y.

"PINAFORE" was produced in Hornellsville, N. Y., by home talent, for the benefit of Maple City Hose Company, June 26 and 27.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.
Show Life in South Africa.

A well-known professional playing with the London Minstrels thus writes to THE CLIPPER:

NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA, MAY 16, 1879.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER—*Dear Sir.*—This is our ninth week in Africa, five of which we have passed in the Cape colony and four in Natal. We did not do a large business in Capetown or Port Elizabeth, but in Durben, Natal (a town of 10,000 inhabitants) we played to overflowing audiences for eighteen consecutive nights. We opened here May 12 to like business, and up to date it has not fallen off. The climate is "glorious;" there is an abundance of all kinds of fruit, and it is the best country for the show business that I was ever in. Notwithstanding our business is so large, it must be borne in mind that we are playing to the young men of this town are at the front fighting the Zulus. Great excitement was created here last night by a report which gained circulation that forty thousand Zulus were marching in this direction, with the ultimate object of capturing this place. Minstrels are not warriors—at least, you would have thought so could you have gazed upon the countenances of the members of our troupe after hearing the above-named report. I am undecided whether I shall quit the minstrel business and settle down in Natal or not. Truly yours, AN AMERICAN.

HERBERT F. BURRILL and Andrew B. Coombes propose to make a voyage from a port in Massachusetts to Melbourne, Australia, in a boat 18 feet long, 5 feet 4 inches wide, and 2½ feet deep, which has been built by Hutchins & Prior of South Boston, and will be launched from Dickerson's Mill, Milton Lower Mills, Mass., this week. The start will be made July 8, and the voyagers do not intend to make a port until they reach St. Thomas, on the African coast. This is the smallest craft that has ever attempted to make this voyage, being of about 1 14-100 tons capacity, and carrying about 75 yards of canvas, which can be stowed in the hold in stormy weather.

"HOW TO TRAIN IN ARCHERY," a manual of long-range bow-shooting, for the use of archers who wish to become contestants at the Grand National Association meetings, written by Maurice Thompson, president of said organization, and Will H. Thompson, master of the "Wabash Merry Bowmen," is a useful work of 76 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, and just published by E. I. Horsman of this city.

LOLA MONTEZ.

The Strange Career of a Sinewlar Woman, as Related by an Old California Professional.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHAS. WARWICK.

During the Summer of 1855 I was engaged by a concert party as general business-agent. The American Theatre in San Francisco, where I had been doing the juveniles, had closed for the season, and, wishing to extend my geographical knowledge in a practical way, I accepted the position I have named. A Mr. Collins and a Miss Julia Gould were the chief attractions the company was well selected, and the venture financially all that could be reasonably desired. In the course of our wanderings through the Golden State business took us to the romantic mining town of Grass Valley. The subject of my sketch was then living in temporary retirement on the outskirts of the town. Provided with letters of introduction from San Francisco, I waited on the lady at her rural retreat, and I must say that I was never more astonished in my life than I was at our first meeting.

I found the gentle Lola in the back garden, having a little game with a couple of pet bears, with whom she seemed to be on terms of playful and endearing familiarity. She was bareheaded, sunburnt almost to the color of a Mexican, and with her hair hanging in rich profusion over her graceful shoulders. Her dress was of the simplest make and of the coarsest material—a common calico, short in the skirt and sleeves, leaving the shapely arms bare almost to the shoulder. At first I thought this must be some native attendant on the celebrated Countess of Lansfeldt (for such was Lola's title), but on presenting my credentials I soon found out my mistake. Lola received me with a hearty welcome, and, learning from my letters that I was a brother professional, the broad-handed hospitality of her establishment was extended to me as long as I might deem it convenient to remain—not only to myself, but also to Mr. Collins, Miss Gould, and as many members of our musical party as could crowd in.

Though I had known Lola Montez for years by reputation, this was the first time I had ever seen her, and I was much struck with her manner and general bearing. I was prepared to find a *blase* woman of the world—a fearful, speculative adventuress, who, after capturing the heart of the old King of Bavaria, and flitting from one European court to another like an erratic comet, had come among us from sheer *ennui*, not unmingled with a kind of cynical disgust for mankind on the average. What Lola Montez really was she have won if fortune by Fortune in a less equivocal position, it would be hard to guess. I can only aver that as I found her she was a generous, charitable, whole-souled woman. Let the proud, self-righteous and would-be gods turn up their pious noses and sweep their stainless crinoline aside, if such as Lola pass too near. Let them—such "lost ones" may survive even *their* contempt, and perhaps find within their hearts a reliance and a hope which their self-constituted censors never dream of.

During my short sojourn in Grass Valley I made the acquaintance of all the principal people in the place, as acquaintance with Lola was a passport to the best society in the wild mining town. The Countess was a general favorite with all classes, from the rude, uneducated miner to the richest and most influential people in the vicinity. El Dorado, and was looked upon as a sort of *fille du regiment* in that semi-civilized community.

Matters went on admirably until the day we were leaving, when a circumstance occurred which came very near incapacitating me from furnishing you just now with the materials of the sketch I am giving you.

Our kind hostess had conducted us to our saddles, and we were taking the time-honored "stirrup-cup" at parting, when our attention was attracted to a wild commotion in the town. There was evidently some strong excitement in the swaying crowd, which momentarily increased as it reached the village lock-up-house, as the jail was popularly called, the county jail. Putting spurs to our horses, we found the mob in the act of dragging a notorious horse-thief from the jail, for the purpose of hanging him to the nearest tree. Judge Sowers of the County Court, mounted on a barrel, was pleading hard for the poor fellow's life; but the mob spirit was rampant, and all the Judge's legal eloquence was wasting itself on a set of men whose fiat had gone forth—the grim arbiters of a stern, inexorable justice—the terrible "Vigilantes" of California.

By the time I arrived the Judge was nearly exhausted, and, rushing to the side of my horse, he begged of me to use my influence with the crowd.

"You are an actor, used to public speaking," he said; "and, if you can only keep these fellows in check, if but for a few minutes, you may be the means of saving a fellow-creature's life."

Acting on the impulse, I threw myself from my horse and mounted the temporary rostrum which the Judge had just vacated. The sight of a stranger in so novel a position created a diversion in the crowd; but it was only of momentary duration, for, with renewed yells, fearful oaths and wild vociferations, they recommenced dragging the poor wretch to an adjacent tree.

At this juncture Lola Montez, wild with excitement, and with those wonderful dark-gray eyes flashing fire, threw herself fearlessly between the unpitying crowd and its victim, and, with a tone and gesture worthy of Joan of Arc or a Queen of the Amazons, commanded them back. In my whole stage experience I never saw a finer tableau.

For a moment the crowd seemed spellbound. Lola had a strong magnetic power, easier referred to than explained. She was a firm believer in what is known—or rather unknown—as spiritualism, and was said to be a medium of more than ordinary power. For the time the woman seemed inspired, as, statue-like, she stood with her left hand extended shield-like in front of the condemned man, and the other advanced as in mingled defiance and appeal.

How matters would have ended between the impulsive Irish beauty and the rude crowd I know not. My eloquence, like that of Dionysius in the senate, had spent itself in fume and vapor, and matters had come to a temporary deadlock, when Judge Sowers, revolver in hand, followed by the Sheriff of the county and a powerful posse of men all armed to the teeth, came dashing on the wild, self-constituted arbiters of justice, and, securing the trembling culprit, law and order for the time was once more restored.

As a sequel to this, some few days after my departure an article appeared in the Grass Valley paper severely commenting on the part I had taken in the transaction above alluded to. The terms used in reference to me were of such an uncomplimentary nature as to provoke the ire of my friend Lola; so, arming herself with a revolver in one hand and a cowhide in the other, she went to the newspaper office and gave the offending "quill" a lesson in parliamentary etiquette, which, I have been assured, proved of lasting benefit to him.

Returning to Grass Valley as the leading-man of John Potter's company on the Fourth of July following, I noticed that my reception on the stage was unusually cold. Some of the people around the theatre informed me that there was a very strong feeling against me outside on account of my interference with the Vigilantes during my previous visit, and some went so far as to warn me that some of the roughs were "going for me" as soon as I left the theatre.

With the exception of Lola Montez, I did not know that I had one friend to depend on in the town; so, at the conclusion of the afternoon performance, I carefully loaded my revolver, buckled on a big bowie-knife, and sallied out.

Sure enough, I found quite a crowd hanging around the stage-door of the theatre. Being Fourth of July, all hands were patriotically drunk—drunk as any reasonable set of nature's noblemen ought to be on that great and glorious anniversary.

With my finger on my cocked revolver, I passed through a lane of murderous faces. I headed directly to a hotel-bar across the street, and the crowd, which had followed me to pass with no further demonstration than an occasional scowl or a suppressed oath, began to gather ominously around the door of the hotel. There was a gentleman inside with whom I had some slight acquaintance on my previous visit. He kindly volunteered to stand by me in case of any trouble, and advised me, if I could possibly get away without an encounter, to try and do so. It so happened that there was a country wagon with two powerful horses standing on the other side of the street. My friend informed me that the team belonged to him, and he arranged that, if I could draw the party into a parley, he would cross the street, get all ready, and at a given signal we would cut and run for it.

Acting on his suggestion, we parted, and I walked out on the front veranda, and, although I was trembling in my boots, I tried to look as cool and calm as possible.

"Gentlemen," I began (the Lord forgive me for lying!)—"*gentlemen*, there is evidently some misunderstanding between you and me in regard to that little affair which took place in front of the jail some months since. What I did on that occasion I did for the best; if I did wrong I am sorry for it, as I can assure you, gentlemen, I was only actuated by a sympathy for the under dog in the fight. And I can further assure you that, if I should see any of you, gentlemen, in the hands of the Vigilantes to-morrow, nothing would give me greater pleasure, *gentlemen*, than to give you a helping hand, for you are *gentlemen*, and are all Americans together. It's the glorious Fourth of July. Come in, *gentlemen*, and all join me in a drink."

The "gentlemen" acceded to my invitation with an alacrity which did infinite credit to themselves and to the occasion, and I was congratulating myself on a peaceful solution of my anticipated difficulty, when one ruffian exclaimed:

"Sold for a glass of whiskey!"

In a moment the friendly conference was at an end. I edged towards the door, got the signal from my friend, who was ready, reins in hand, across the street, made a sudden dash for it, and, amid a volley of drunken and ineffective shots, got safely away and turned my back on Grass Valley without a shadow of regret.

By previous arrangement I played an engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, in San Francisco, with Lola Montez during the following Fall. Thence she went to Australia, where commenced the

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

DURING THE WEEK closing June 14, the date of our most recent advices, nothing in the shape of novelty was produced at any of the London theatres. At the Italian operas Mme. Adelina Patti and Mme. Christine Nilsson were reappearing in all their favorite characters. The Comedie Francais company at the Gaiety were going steadily through their repertory, and the house was crowded every night. The resumed run of "The Crisis" came to a close at the Haymarket on the 11th, and W. G. Wills' compressed version of his play of "Eleu," greatly modified in plot and character, was produced on the following night. "The School for Scandal" was played all the week at the Adelphi, and the last nights of Miss Neilson were announced. "Eugene Aram" and "Richelieu" had been played at the Lyceum on the nights not appropriated to "Hamlet" and "The Lady of Lyons." At the Princess' "Drink" was growing greatly in favor with the playgoing public, and a long run was anticipated. The Vaudeville on the 11th celebrated the fiftieth representation of Mr. Byron's comedy of "The Girls." The pieces presented during the holiday week had been repeated generally at the metropolitan theatres. The Britannia had represented "Third Class and First Class," followed by "The Flying Dutchman." The Grecian was doing well with the new patriotic drama of "The Queen's Colors." The brightly renovated Garrick, under the management of Miss May Bulmer, was steadily attracting the attention of the lovers of light music at the East-end, and Mr. Yardley's English version of "A Cruise to China" was followed by a lively musical sketch called "H. D." At the Pavilion the new drama of "The Crimson Rock," in which J. H. Glynds sustains five characters, had been followed by "Lost Diamonds." The morning performances on the 14th comprised "La Sonnambula" at Her Majesty's; "The Lady of Lyons" at the Lyceum; "Le Misanthrope," by Mollere, at the Gaiety; "Madame Favart" at the Strand; "Les Cloches de Corneville" at the Globe; "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Opera Comique; and the regular afternoon performance by the Vokes Family of "The Child of the Regiment" and "The Belles of the Kitchen" at the Imperial Theatre. A special morning performance, with a very attractive programme, was also given at the Criterion Theatre for the benefit of Henry Van Hoffhoff, son of the tragedian once so popular on the London stage.

MR. FRANK MAYO'S first appearance in England at the Royal Alexandria Theatre, Liverpool, June 9, mentioned by us last week, a local critic writes as follows: "The prominent English spirit which sinks all nationality when true talent comes to the front, led the audience assembled to give the artistic stranger a warm reception on making his entrance upon the stage on this side of the 'herring pond.' Indeed, very rarely has an audience, even in the most popular local theatres, shown the same amount of enthusiasm as was conspicuous on this occasion, which may be readily understood when it is stated that there were no fewer than five calls after the great sensational act of the play ('Davy Crockett'), and double calls at the end of each of the other four. No more manly representation of the daring, dashing hero could possibly have been found than that given by Mr. Mayo, whose physique and acting style were most admirably adapted to the part. At once picturesque and powerful in every scene, he secured a success with the Alexandrians which was as genuine as it was well deserved." The part of the heroine was sustained by Miss Julia Stewart.

CHARLES BERNARD of Glasgow and Newcastle has obtained a lease of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., for ten years.

MISS LOUISE SUMMERS, chambermaid and burlesque actress, died at Hoxton, Eng., May 28, aged 42.

WM. M. MCGUFFIE, known professionally as Mat Raymond, comedian and stage-manager, died at Aldershot, Eng., June 9.

THOMAS GOUGH, late of the Alhambra and Royal Aquarium Theatres, died in London, Eng., June 4, aged 37.

JAMES GOW, once a popular Dundee actor, who retired twenty years ago, died in Errol, Scotland, June 5, aged 85.

S. W. L. TICHBORNE, who for the long period of thirty-four years discharged the duties of secretary to the proprietors of the Theatre Royal, Wolverhampton, Eng., died June 7, aged 87.

MUSICAL.

ON JUNE 6, while Wombwell's Menagerie was on its way from Cumbernauld to Falkirk, Scotland, Mr. Miller, the leader of the instrumental band, was killed under peculiar and painful circumstances. The accident took place at the wooden bridge over the Forth and Clyde Canal at Castlecary, near Denny. On reaching the bridge the horses in one of the caravans became restive, and in his seizing them one of the animals trampled upon Miller's feet, causing him to fall, and while lying on the ground he was struck on the stomach by a horse. The result was that death was almost instantaneous.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The London Era*, writing from Paris on June 12, says: "I mentioned last week that the Marquis De Caux had taken the preliminary steps to prevent Mme. Adelina Patti singing here next season at the Italian Theatre, and M. Merelli proposes to give a series of Italian performances. The affair has since become rather more enlarged, and some Paris papers have been giving as much publicity to it as possible, because it touches on a topic in which scandal is mixed up. The Marquis claims that, according to the terms of their separation, he can prohibit his ex-wife from performing in public in the city where he resides; and it is stated also that he rests his claim on another ground, namely, that the Marquise is announced to sing in company with one Nicholas, alias Nicolini, whose mistress she notoriously is.' *The Gaulois*, having taken the question up, published a long article discussing the various sides of the question, and by expressing the opinion that Mme. Patti would not sing in Paris next season. Thereupon M. Merelli brings an action against that journal, laying damages at £8,000, because he asserts the statements of the article, and especially its conclusion, will have the effect of damaging his undertaking; in fact, in face of such an opinion as that emitted by *The Gaulois*, he considered that his subscription-list would prove a failure."

OUR READERS may remember the case of Mlle. Vaillant, who, after having pursued her studies at the Conservatoire de Musique and obtained a first prize for opera, had entered into an engagement with a Brussels Theatre, where she has since been performing. The French authorities brought an action against her on the ground that she was bound to play during two years at the salary of 5,000f. and 7,000f., at any of the subsidized theatres. M. Halanzier of the Opera demanded her services, but she refused to break her Brussels engagement. The proceedings in the law courts resulted in a verdict against her of 15,000f. damages. Mlle. Vaillant, who has since become Mme. Courturier, appealed against the judgment, and the superior court has now confirmed the original sentence.

THE Budget Committee has decided to suppress the credit of 200,000 francs allowed for the subsidy to the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, a sum which, in the non-existence of that house, the Under Secretary of State for Fine Arts proposed to devote for the aquirement of the plant at the Odeon.

VARIETY HALLS.

PIO WHAUTKINS, the celebrated juggler, and father of the Brothers Valjean, died at Peckhamrye, Eng., June 8, aged 50.

ROBERT BURTON, who was joint lessee with Ted Lauri of the Star Music Hall, Hull, Eng., met his death under melancholy circumstances June 6. It appears that the deceased gentleman, who was greatly respected, with a few friends went out yachting, proceeding down the Humber to within a short distance of Grimsby, and there cast anchor. Having had luncheon on board, they commenced the return journey, and it was whilst coming up the river with a fair wind and tide that the accident occurred, the deceased being struck by the boom and knocked into the water. As may be supposed, when Mr. Burton was knocked overboard there was considerable consternation on board the yacht, and this he had time to notice, for he called out to them to keep up their spirits, as he would be able to keep up until they could put the vessel about and come to his rescue. With the wind and tide as they were, however, the yacht was swept far up the river, and it took her some time to reach the place where the unfortunate man fell into the water. Mr. Burton was an excellent swimmer, and it is supposed that he was stunned to some extent by the blow from the boom. Before they could reach him those on board the yacht were horrified to see him sink. Mr. Burton was a single man, about thirty years of age, and the only son of his mother, who is a widow. The body was recovered on the same evening, and on the 9th inst. an inquest was held at the Ship Inn, Stallingborough, when a verdict of accidentally drowned was returned.

WHILE the Brothers Aniram were performing one of their feats, known as the "Japanese Rod," at the Folies Bergeres, recently, the pole suddenly broke, and the two who were on it fell with a fearful crush into the orchestra. One was severely injured, the other not quite so badly.

HOW THE FRENCH LEARN TO ACT.

A writer in *The London Time*—Mr. Edmund Yates' new monthly—gives the following entertaining account of the manner in which the art of acting is taught in Paris.

We have seen that every French boy or girl who has a taste for the stage may get a thorough training at the Conservatoire. The next step of the aspirant is, properly speaking, no step at all; it is a bound. He may pass from the Conservatoire to one of the state theatres—perhaps to the Francais—from school to the first theatre in the world. This last is, of course, a reward of very high merit in the classes, as revealed in the public competitions of the students before the elite of the critical society of Paris. The great point to bear in mind is that, whatever the promotion, it is but another stage of the teaching. The French actor is in a sense *in statu pupillari* to the end of his days. He is coached at the Francais as he was coached at the Conservatoire; only at the theatre he gets his lesson from the collective body of his comrades, instead of a single professor. It is a kind of coaching by universal suffrage. There is no such thing recognized as a man's right to a part, to make or mar at his pleasure. He holds it in trust only for the rest of the members of the company, and he is bound in some sort to administer the trust in accordance with their interests and wishes—at least with their judgment, in respect of its tendency to promote the success of the performance as a whole.

Nothing can exceed the thoroughness of the rehearsals at the Francais. Most of the pieces there are old ones long in the repertoire, yet when they are in course of revival each actor seems to adopt the useful assumption that he has never seen them before. The pieces less known are labored with incessant care. "Ruy Blas," just reproduced, was rehearsed for six or eight weeks. It was first taken act by act, a day for each, over and over again; then came a series of full rehearsals of the entire play without stage costume; then a grand dress rehearsal. It played on the first night just as though it had had a month's run. No wonder—it had really had a run of nearly two, with closed doors.

I went to see one of these rehearsals of "Ruy Blas," without making any choice. It happened to be the third act. In passing upstairs from the stage-door I could not help being reminded, as I had often been reminded before, that I was in a house of great histrionic memories. Members of the Comedie Francaise must find an unfailing inspiration in the sight of that store of pictures and statuary illustrating the history of the company for the past two centuries collected within their walls. The front and the back of the theatre, the greenroom, and every staircase and every passage leading to or from it to the verge of the stage are in this respect part of a perfect museum. The library is wonderful; the archives are the richest in theatrical manuscripts and autographs in all France—in all the world.

On quitting the daylight of the wings for the twilight of the stage—it was about three on a Winter afternoon—I, as a visitor, had first to pay my respects to the company. I accordingly crossed from left to right to reach a rude tent canvas on the stage, a sort of portable greenroom, where the ladies sat in safe shelter from the draughts to wait for their calls. Here I found among others Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt and the aged lady-companion who is always by her side. In another tent, quite close to the footlights—in fact, just behind the prompter's box, and therefore commanding a view of the whole stage—sat Got, who was superintending the rehearsal. In front of him, and near the left-centre entrance, was the well-known council-table of the third act, garnished with the greedy lords whose monopolies devour the substance of Spain. A lamp in each tent and one in the prompter's box burned dimly in the *demi-jour*.

This was an ordinary rehearsal, and the company were in ordinary dress. Sarah Bernhardt wore a jacket to shield her from the cold of the stage. Febvre (Don Salluste) carried his great-coat over his arm, rather, as it turned out, as a property than for any other use. The only approach to stage costume was in the broad Spanish hat with a drooping plume worn by Mounet-Sully (Ruy Blas). The contrast between that and his frock-coat and the rest would have been striking enough, if one had had leisure to attend to it. These three—Febvre, Mounet-Sully, and Sarah Bernhardt (who of course plays the Queen)—are the leading personages of the present cast, and the third act they were rehearsing is about the best in the play.

The rehearsal had begun, but it had been interrupted for a few moments by my entry. I came in, therefore, only for the fag-end of that squabble of the corrupt councilors for place and pay, which winds up with a friendly distribution of the monopolies on tobacco, salt, negroes, arsenic, ice and musk. They are distributed by Ruy Blas, who has overheard them, and who delivers the well-known grand tirade on ministerial jobbing, one of the finest that even Victor Hugo ever wrote.

Mounet's
"Charles Quint! dans ces temps d'opprobre et de terreur,
Que fais-tu dans ta tombe, opulssant Empereur?"
was a perfect vocal detonation; it positively shook the hat in my hand. Got stopped him at once from the prompt-box tent:

"I should certainly say that in a different style. It is a solemn invocation; it requires a change of voice."

"I am quite of your way of thinking," said a gray-haired gentleman who had just joined him from the wing. It was M. Perrin, the administrator of the company, who holds one of the most envied offices in France. He is about as high-salaried as an English Prime-minister; and in governing the Theatre Francaise he holds a post which most of his countrymen think fully equal in dignity to the government of a Department of State. "I am quite of your way of thinking," repeated M. Perrin.

It was a timely reinforcement; for, as it proved, the two together were harrier an overmatch for Mounet, mounted on the hobby of this particular inflection. The rehearsal was suspended for a quarter of an hour, while they fought the point. There was a whole world of critical acumen—I will not say wasted on it, more especially as I mean just the opposite thing—on either side.

"It is a call to wake the Emperor from his death-sleep," said Mounet; "it must be loud."

"It is a reverent appeal," said Got.

"It is almost as solemn as an act of religion," said Perrin.

"I assure you I cannot see it in that light," answered Mounet-Sully. "For me it is a passionate call to the shade of the Emperor."

"But you do not expect to wake the man up—*toujours!*" said Got.

"Well, try it again," said Perrin.

Mounet-Sully returned to his starting-point, and in an instant he was off at the old rate of initial velocity. The windows in the place must have rattled, if one had been near enough to hear them.

They stopped him again. It was quite a struggle *a la Francaise*—obstinate insistance on both sides, tempered in its severity by the use of the forms of good breeding. It was evident to anyone knowing something of the personal history of the company that what was now going forward was but a continuation of a very long struggle on the part of the seniors to repress the exuberant vivacity of this fiery youngster—at once the glory and the reproach of their company. They were the echoes of the public voice. Critics and amateurs have long been of opinion that he wants toning-down—wants the modulation, the variety of note, the temper and ductility of the highest art. At length the contest comes to an end; Mounet lowers his sword—that is to say, his tone—and pronounces the passage in something like the required manner, though occasional flashes show that the level earth on which he now condescends to tread is still undermined with fire.

In what other theatre in the world—in what other company—would a theatrical star of this magnitude bear correcting in his course this way?

Now it will soon be the turn of the concealed Queen to step from behind the arras and announce herself to Ruy Blas. The superb Sarah accordingly quits her tent to place herself in very visible hiding, "R. 2 E." Then her voice is heard, deep and sweet, with twice as much meaning in its lowest tones as in its highest:

"O Merci!"

RUY BLAS.—Ciel! (It is a start of surprise, and, as we may imagine, he is perfect here.)

LA REINE.—Vous avez bien fait de leur parler ainsi. Je n'y puis resister, duc; il faut que je serre
Cette loyale main si ferme et si sincere!

She darts out her hand, extending the arm at full length—a gesture peculiar to her in private life, as on the stage. She always shakes hands in that way.

GOT.—I don't like that. You only give him your hand; you ought to take his.

SARAH BERNHARDT.—I think my way is better; there is more *nettete* in the action.

She probably means that it is more statuesque, as it certainly is, but is perhaps unwilling to use an illustration from her favorite art. Her acting has always shown that she has a keen sense of the beauty of pose. She gets the full plastic as well as histrionic value of a situation.

PERRIN.—But what does your text say? Look at the stage direction. *Reads:*

She advances rapidly and takes his hand before he can prevent her.

SARAH BERNHARDT *(laughing)*.—Very well, then; give me your hand. (Mounet-Sully suffers her to take it.)

GOT *(to* PERRIN).—I think just where he wants most energy he shows least. *(To* MOUNET.) Your own movements there should be as quick and decided, as full of nervous energy, as hers.

MOUNET-SULLY.—Let me alone for the present. I have my own very decided opinion about this scene. I will give it you by-and-bye.

The Queen goes on to tell him how she has admired his superb indignation in the scene with the rapacious courtiers. How comes he to be able to speak as kings only ought to speak—to be so terrible, so godlike, so grand?

RUY.—It springs from love of thee. In serving Spain I serve the Queen. Thy image lends me strength!
Strengthened by love, I am all-powerful!
I love thee!—hear me out. Thou art another's—
A King's—though not his bride, his bride-elect.
I knew it; knowing it, have shunned thy presence,
Still loving while I shunned it. I have loved thee
As the mariner the star that guides him home;
A distant homage and an awestruck worship.
Though low to thee as is the earth from Heaven,
I loved thee as the blind might love the light
He never hoped to look on!

And all uttered—how do you think (by Mounet above all)?—as gently as the roaring of the sucking dove.

GOT *(decisively)*.—It will never do.

PERRIN *(as decisively)*.—It will never do.

SARAH BERNHARDT.—It will spoil the whole scene.

MOUNET-SULLY.—Yet that is how I read it, I assure you. He is overpowered at the thought of his own presumption; he is an earthworm raising his head to heaven.

GOT.—But he does not think of that while he is raising it. *Voyons!* what excuse does he give the woman for loving him by meeting her in that timid style?

MOUNET-SULLY.—I know it has never been done in that way before. That is one reason the more for doing it. It gives a new sense to the passage, and, as I think, a truer one.

SARAH B. *(laughingly)*.—I do not think I can possibly dare to love you, if you do not set me a better example. Remember the Queen wants encouragement as much as Ruy Blas, and who is to give it her if he fails?

GOT.—I should certainly deliver it in the most thrilling accents of passion.

MOUNET-SULLY.—Like this, you mean *(giving an example in his first manner, the only other one he has)*.

GOT, PERRIN, SARAH B.—Exactly!

MOUNET-SULLY *(impatiently and with mutterings that may mean anything)*.—But surely you must see how false it is to give him so glib a tongue. I really cannot change it in that way. I wish I could; but you must allow me to be obstinate on this one point. I cannot see it in any other light.

GOT *(disconsolately)*.—Very well, then, if you cannot see it.

Rehearsal resumed as follows, to quote still further from the translation, which so pleasantly relieves me of all responsibility:

Exit QUEEN *by the same entrance she came on at.*

R. 2 E.

RUY *(after a pause)*.—Can it—can it be real?
Loved, and by her! 'Tis so!
O Paradise, that opens to my eyes,
And steeps my soul in love's profound repose!
Loved—happy—powerful! Duke d'Olmedo,
Spain at my feet! It's honor in my hands—
My country's honor! Teach me, O Heaven,
How to be worthy of my task! Make me
Worthy to offer her as shield and sword—
The Queen my arm, the woman my devotion!

PERRIN.—Very fine. Bravo! Only I beg to observe that you are too far up the stage, if you mean to be heard by the whole house.

MOUNET-SULLY.—I must begin here.

PERRIN.—But you need not finish. I should like to see more movement during that monologue (in the original a rather long one). I do not think he could stand still while he delivered it.

Enter Febvre, as Salluste, to suprise Ruy Blas:

"*Bonjour!*" tapping him on the shoulder.

RUY BLAS.—Good heaven! I am lost! The Marquis! Will it be believed that the discussion of this single entry occupies them the better part of an hour?

—Febvre, Mounet-Sully, Sarah Bernhardt, Perrin, Got, all taking part in it, and with the liveliest interest, often all talking together. The first entry is from the centre—Ruy Blas standing in soliloquy conveniently near—his master tapping him on the shoulder, then crossing to the council-table, throwing down his cloak and taking a seat to meet his astonished stare.

"Will it be better to do that," says Febvre, "or to take one's seat first, without tapping him on the shoulder at all, and then confront him with the *bonjour*—making that the 'tap,' so to speak?"

He tries it, and they are unanimously of the opinion that it would not be better.

"How would it be to throw the cloak to him to hold?" says Sarah Bernhardt.

"No," says Perrin, "you discount your effect of the handkerchief later on, which is a much better one."

"Would you have him at the centre of the stage or near the wing?"

That is the fourth proposition, and I really forget the others.

And all that I have seen to-day is less than a thirtieth-part of the declamatory preparation for one piece. Yet we wonder by what magic, by what happy gift of nature precluding the necessity of labor, the French have become the first actors in the world!

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